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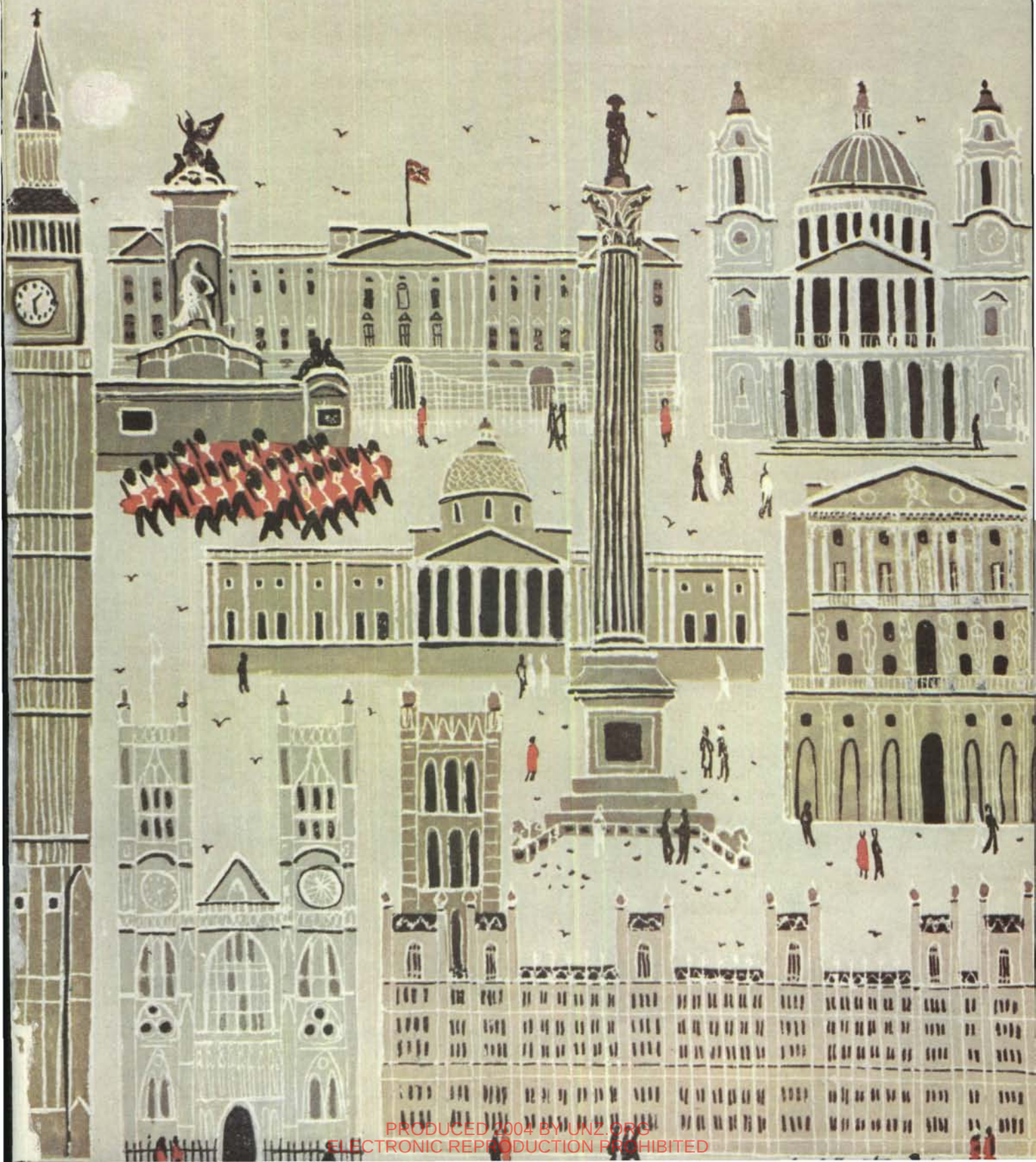
November 29, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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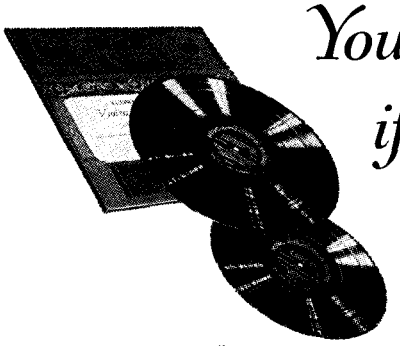

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Day of Atonement

We had better be humble and restrained in speaking about the agony the people of Hungary have endured and are still enduring. Amid all the lessons this tragedy holds for the world as a whole—and they promise to be ones that will not perish in many a year—there are several for Americans in particular. There is the lesson of too little faith in others on our part, and also the lesson of the danger of arousing too great expectations on the part of others in us.

Many Americans until a few weeks ago were inclined to regard the captive nations of eastern Europe as lost to freedom for our lifetime. These countries were small, torn, historically divided against each other, and for the most part they had been easily subdued. Their experience with democracy—with the possible exception of Czechoslovakia—had not been a particularly happy one. Who hasn't made jokes about the brilliance and versatility of the Hungarians? We look around, we look inside ourselves now, and we wonder how many of us in this Home of the Brave would have fought the hopeless battle the Hungarians fought.

At the other hand stand those ambitious American energizers who, far from having little hope in the peoples of eastern Europe, managed to arouse too much. Such resounding words as "rollback" and "liberation" were beamed directly at those people over scores of American shortwave transmitters. "Continue to stress to satellite audiences America's unshakable determination to champion the cause of freedom, using appropriate quotations from the President and Secretary Dulles," was the substance of scores of guidances handed down to our propagandists. Evidently the audiences believed that our slogans meant what they said and presaged American support for any steps they might make toward their own liberation.

The students and workingmen and peasants who went forth against the Soviet armor in the streets of Budapest, Győr, and Sopron took our promises literally—too literally. Few more heartbreaking stories have reached America in our time than those of Hungarian insurgents at the height of the uprising cheering and even kneeling at the sight of an American emblem on an automobile and asking when our liberating forces were coming.

The American-managed and American-financed Radio Free Europe is now under attack. R.F.E., which operates powerful transmitters just across the German border, asserts that it has done nothing beyond reporting "objective news" coupled with commentaries. But certainly the ardor with which these commentaries have attacked satellite conditions and exposed Moscow-led malefactors was not meant to be just an exercise in journalism. All that R.F.E. wanted to give was moral support. "Give my regards to R.F.E. and tell them we don't need any more of their damned moral support," blurted an insurgent chief to a *Reporter* correspondent. "What we need is guns and bazookas right now!"

No matter what we thought or did or did not do, we *are* responsible to the Hungarians. We have failed them this time—we have failed them and the other peoples of eastern Europe. Let's see to it that we do not fail them again.

The True Believers

After many years of cheerful anarchy, the Democratic Party, according to reliable report, is about to invoke discipline. Almost as a matter of course, Senate kingpins like Eastland and Ellender flocked to the States' Rights banner raised by J. Strom Thurmond in 1948, and after their gallant knifing of Harry Truman no one lifted a finger to strip them of their powerful committee positions. In 1952 Price Daniel, coming fresh to the Senate after campaigning for Dwight Eisenhower, was immediately admitted to Democratic coun-

THANKSGIVING

This is the season when we render thanks
For being the favored people of the world:
Unending riches rain upon our ranks
And winds of fortune keep our flags unfurled.
Give thanks, we say, for everything we own:
Safe homes and warm, more food than we can eat—
Our goods, our rights, our liberties have grown
Out of this earth that never knew defeat.
But one may wonder whether comfort can
Be cause for blessing; whether all these things,
Too long accepted, can impair a man,
Soften his will, and clip his valorous wings.

Let thanks for plenty, then, be paired with shame
That poorer men are dying in our name.

—SEC

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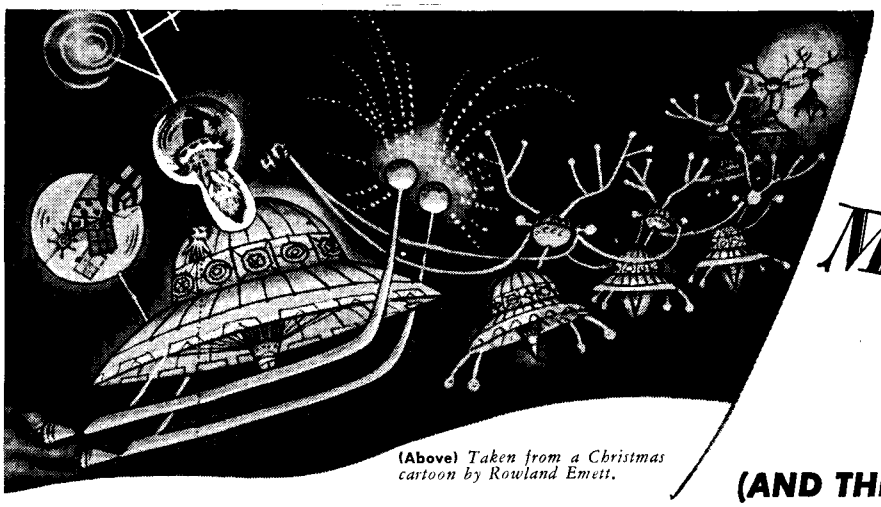

(Above) *Taken from a Christmas cartoon by Rowland Emett.*

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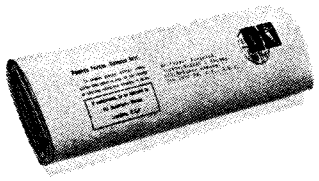

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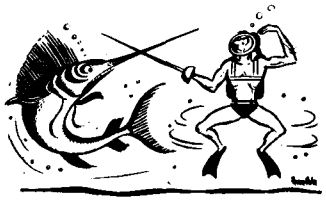
Like Going to a Wonderful Party

Spending an evening with the latest issue of PUNCH is like going to a party attended by Britain's cleverest people. The



latest plays, movies, ballets, books, television programs are discussed. (Yes, they have their version of "The $64,000 Question" too, and "I Love Lucy.") The doings in Parliament and the Cabinet are skilfully dissected—and so are its members! And throughout the evening runs a thread of brilliant mockery and parody such as:

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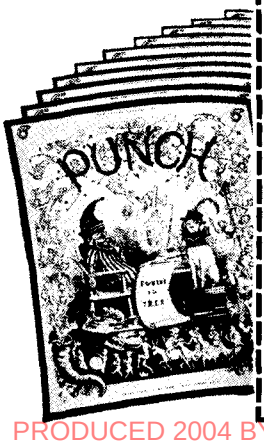
What if Attlee, not Churchill, had written "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples"?

How would television's "This Is Your Life" have handled the heart-throbbing story of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge, and Tiny Tim?

What if dentists were glamorized by the movies the way doctors are—with a screenplay entitled "The Stars Look Down in the Mouth"?



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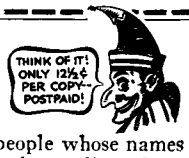

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cils and assigned to the important Judiciary Committee. Thurmond himself has campaigned against his party's Presidential ticket in three straight elections without sacrificing a single perquisite of a Democratic Senator.

BUT ENOUGH is enough. For swinging to Eisenhower this year, Representative Adam Clayton Powell of Harlem, New York City, has brought down on his head the anger of an outraged party. The Republicans "took him in the campaign," says one irate Democrat, "and they can keep him now." A major effort is on to deny Powell his Democratic committee assignments, which would in effect read him out of the party, and the move is reported to have the support of Representative Celler of New York and Speaker Rayburn.

Mr. Powell's political integrity is not a subject we would care to argue, and fortunately it is irrelevant. The issue is rather the party's integrity, not to mention its intelligence. Making Mr. Powell a horrible example would deservedly be read as a sign that, among Democrats, sedition is for Southern whites only.

Exit Facts Forum

If a Texas oil billionaire is entitled to an occasional harmless whim, we may dismiss as such the overnight extinguishing of Facts Forum at the hands of H. L. Hunt, who is reputed to be as rich as the Aga Khan and the Nizam of Hyderabad put together. Certainly this sudden event may be set down as the least harmful development in the history of what Senator Mike Monroney once called "the largest and most ambitious propaganda machine ever set up in this country."

In its five and a half years of existence, the Facts Forum organization, which included five radio and television programs, sample "polls," and neighborhood discussion groups, worked out a new technique. In its debating of current events, it employed a formula described by Norman Thomas as putting up "a pretense of controversy by picking the opponents and making sure that one side is always the weaker." Representatives of the liberal or international view were habitually outflanked, outshouted, and often outnumbered by representatives of chauvinism and isolation.

Naturally rumors are thick concerning the reasons for Mr. Hunt's decision to consign this elaborate machinery to the junk heap. Some see it as disgust over reports that Republican Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey is now flirting with the idea of opposing the tax allowance for oil depletion, which is a chief ingredient in the manufacture of oil billions. Others cite the great man's expressed souring on both major parties and his growing loss of interest in any kind of politics whatever.

The most plausible and enjoyable reason, it seems to us, is the reported explanation of a business associate that Mr. Hunt "just got tired of useless and lost causes." Four years ago he had high hopes that General MacArthur might be President, and later the General laid an oratorical egg at the Republican convention. He once admitted to having Presidential hopes for Joe Martin, Senators Byrd, Jenner, and Bridges, and Governor Shivers—none of whom, it turned out, had much more of a chance than Nebraska's Joe Smith.

But perhaps Representative Wayne Hays (D., Ohio), who investigated Facts Forum as a tax-exempt foundation, put his finger on the basic disappointment. If the project had its way, he said, Americans would be driven to choose between extremes, "leaving no moderates and no middle way."

WE ARE STUCK in the middle of the road, as the recent elections have proved, and moderates are in control of both major parties. We certainly need to get unstuck and to bring a broader range of ideas into our political debates. But we can do without Mr. Hunt's Facts Forum, thank you.

Downfall of a Politician

He was the nephew of James Tumulty, the volatile aide and biographer of Woodrow Wilson. T. James Tumulty is a man of massive corpulence who worked his way up through the machine politics of Jersey City to emerge as Congressman from the Fourteenth District in 1954. Tumulty has indeed shown himself to be a politician among politicians. At the 1952 Democratic convention he dallied in the camps of all the chief contenders, causing even the Russell followers to hope vainly that New Jersey was trembling on the brink of support for their Georgia Senator. He saved his best exploit for later. In the middle of the 1952 campaign, when McCarthy delivered his vicious attack on Stevenson, the wire services carried a bizarre report from Jersey City. T. James Tumulty was announcing that McCarthy had convinced him and that he was switching to Eisenhower.

During his two years in Congress Tumulty managed to garner more publicity than most Congressmen get over a decade. There was wide acclaim when—apparently forgetful of his earlier devotion to McCarthy—he appeared at a Democratic Women's Club function in Washington to denounce Republican treason smears against Democrats and to demand angrily that something be done about it. There were photographs *ad nauseam* of the 330-pound Tumulty getting into a dress suit for a White House function, squeezing into an inadequate chair, and otherwise disporting himself. He sponsored countless resolutions to free the Poles, help the Irish, and obliterate the Communists. Tumulty was always good for a hot time in Congressional floor debate. To those who believed that political power can be measured in headline inches, Tumulty seemed assured of a long career.

But on November 6, that career was blighted. Not all the cunning of the Kenny machine could save him from defeat at the hands of a Republican. We called the Congressman to ask him what happened. One reason, he said, was Eisenhower, adding ruefully, "I'm glad he didn't tell the people to go jump in the river or they would have done that too." But there were other reasons. Tumulty said that the Kenny machine would have to be re-examined to see what was wrong. After a long pause, he concluded: "Maybe I'll have to re-examine myself, too, and see about making some changes."

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CORRESPONDENCE

'A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE'

To the Editor: All thinking men must be avidly following the results of the recent uprisings of the Hungarians and Poles. Ever since the end of the Second World War, all Americans who appreciate their own freedom must have had a feeling of guilt for allowing the Russians to enslave the East European peoples without challenge. But ten years later, it is difficult to rekindle a "crusade for freedom." We individually and collectively proclaim our national tradition of assistance to the oppressed. But when does the time come for a man, or nation, to stand up for its convictions?

During the past decade, most of us had become convinced that the spark of freedom was extinguished in the satellite countries and that nothing short of a third world war would be required to free those peoples. Suddenly, the intense desire for liberty among the East Europeans has been impressed upon our conscience. They are heroically demonstrating their belief in the convictions of our own Patrick Henry.

Is this not the turning point in our struggle against Communism? If the satellite countries are again suppressed as we watch in "helpless" horror, are we not demonstrating our inherent inability to stem the Russian tide? Perhaps we *are* a "decadent democracy." We revel in the benefits of a luxurious prosperity and cannot compel ourselves to risk material benefits in order to ease our guilty consciences. Is it true that a man will stand for his convictions only when he has little to lose, that a brave man is one who has only his life to give?

It seems apparent that military assistance to the Hungarians by the United States at this time would create a wholesale uprising among the East European peoples, assisted by their national armies and perhaps an internal revolt in Russia. The use of atomic warfare by either side would be doubtful, since the instigator would most certainly ensure his own destruction. Somewhere and some time we shall unavoidably be forced to make a stand against Russia, or else succumb to Communism. Is this not the time to decide between freedom and slavery?

But the national opinion demands "peace in our time," and no American writer, to my knowledge, has had the courage (or belief) to state that we should be willing to fight as well as talk for our ideals. And where are the courageous Americans who are willing to sacrifice themselves for freedom's sake? I have heard no reports of Americans volunteering to aid in the Hungarian struggle.

Do not view my letter as a criticism of the American nation or people. I am arguing with myself as I try to live with a troubled conscience while avoiding any sacrifice of my otherwise happy and contented way of life.

I try to theorize that an individual is helpless in the mass of the nation; that in this country of many leaders and few followers, a man can concentrate strength only by following another. And should not the

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younger men be the brave? And doesn't a family man have a responsibility to compromise his convictions in the face of primary loyalties to his family? But I cannot avoid the conclusion that my generation—the one that matured in the Second World War—must lead the way. We know the hell of war, have realized the benefits of our labor, and should have reconciled our inner convictions. The young know only a patriotism of external origin. The old cannot offer themselves and have no right to make such decisions for others.

Is it time for Americans to risk their lives and fortunes for the cause of freedom?

GEORGE D. GAMBLE
Garwood, New Jersey

WHAT OF THE TWO MILLION?

To the Editor: Paul Jacobs's article "The Labor Movement Cripples a Union" in the November 1 issue of *The Reporter* presents a cogent picture of what happened in Louisiana when the organized industrial workers decided to co-operate, not with the farm workers and the small family farmers, but with the plantation owners and other large-scale farm operators. As Mr. Jacobs ably points out, the results were repeal of the state's 1954 "right-to-work" law and passage of a new "right-to-work" law applying specifically to agricultural workers, including mill workers who process farm products.

Can it be that workers who now have some economic security, achieved through the struggles of many, would like to close their eyes to the miserable conditions under which some two million farm workers still work and live, with no bargaining rights and almost no coverage under Federal protective and Social Security laws?

FAY BENNETT
Executive Secretary
National Sharecroppers Fund
New York

To the Editor: Thanks to you and Paul Jacobs for acting so effectively on the way agricultural labor fared at the hands of the AFL-CIO unions in Louisiana.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York

To the Editor: Paul Jacobs's condemnation of the Louisiana State Labor Council, AFL-CIO, for throwing the National Agricultural Workers Union to the wolves in return for a legislative gain for the rest of organized labor, ought to have mentioned the fact that these state anti-labor laws, which the Louisiana Labor Council wanted to get repealed for industrial workers but not for farm workers, are made possible only by a specific provision of the Taft-Hartley Act, and by a broken promise made to organized labor by Eisenhower during the 1952 campaign. Under the Wagner Act, these state anti-labor laws, miscalled "right-to-work" laws, were not legal, on the ground that, the Federal government having "occupied the field" legislatively, the state governments could not act. But the Taft-Hartley Act specifically permitted such state anti-labor laws.

In the 1952 campaign, Eisenhower stated that he was opposed to "union-busting" laws, and these state "right-to-work" laws, outlawing a union shop as they do, are

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union-busting in effect and purpose. But after the election, when the then Secretary of Labor, a union man, tried to get Eisenhower's backing for an amendment of the Taft-Hartley Act to prevent these laws again, Eisenhower meekly allowed himself to be persuaded to oppose any such change.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS
Old Greenwich, Connecticut

THEY TOLD US SO

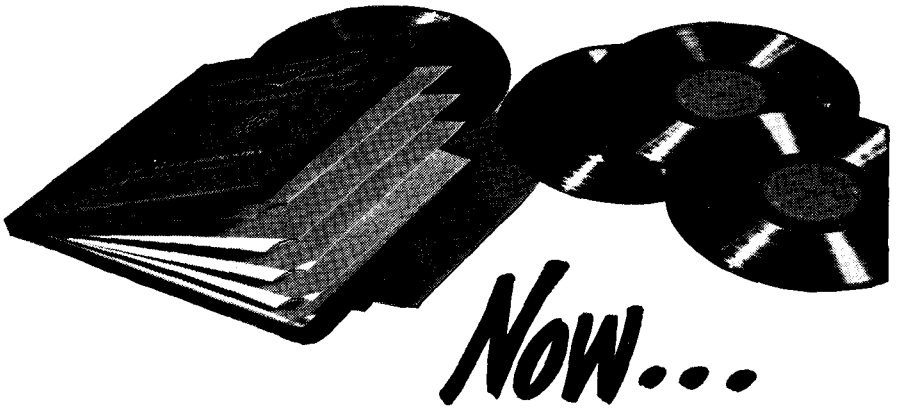
To the Editor: May I, as a faithful subscriber to *The Reporter* who also happens to be in the polling business, suggest that Robert Bendiner write a sequel to his "What Happened to the Sure Thing?" (*The Reporter*, November 1) and that he call it "Why the Polls Were Right." After all, on the basis of nearly complete election returns, the Gallup Poll's final figure of 59.5 per cent for Eisenhower turned out to be accurate within 1.5 percentage points.

As preparation for this article, I would recommend that Mr. Bendiner read all Gallup Poll releases. He would then have the makings of an excellent story explaining why Eisenhower won despite the fact that there is still a Democratic majority in the electorate. For example, every one of the following survey findings was reported in pre-election Gallup Poll releases:

1. The Democratic Party still commands the allegiance of a larger proportion of the electorate than does the Republican Party.
2. Voters reported the Democratic Party as being more active locally than the Republican Party.
3. The most important single issue of the day, in the opinion of the electorate, is the threat of war, and only a minority have faith in the ability of the Democratic Party to best handle this problem.
4. The labor and union vote is still Democratic, though Eisenhower has been able to make inroads.
5. Although most Negroes still prefer the Democratic Party because of the record of Roosevelt and Truman and because they believe it is best for working-class people, a sizable minority are defecting to the Republicans.
6. The East and the metropolitan centers (suburbs included) have moved solidly into the Eisenhower camp.
7. While Eisenhower has lost some ground among men, this has been compensated for by growing support from women.
8. Farmers, though dissatisfied with the record of the Eisenhower Administration, were not converted to support the Democratic Party in numbers sufficient to swing the Farm Belt to Stevenson.
9. Independent voters prefer Eisenhower to Stevenson.
10. Eisenhower, the man, commands greater support than does the Republican Party.

Scientific public-opinion polls, by providing data on patterns of political behavior not otherwise available, can be useful to liberals as to conservatives. Certainly the above findings represent a challenge to all those who still believe that the Democratic Party is the best hope for liberalism in the United States.

IRVING CRESPI
American Institute of Public Opinion
Princeton, New Jersey



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RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN

THE EMERGING PATTERN

by Edward Crankshaw

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AND TO THINK that there were people some time ago who were alarmed at the idea of a military man at the head of our nation! **Max Ascoli's** editorial stresses the fact that the peacemongering which has prevailed under the West Point graduate Dwight D. Eisenhower may actually bring the country not just to the brink but into the full hell of war.

We have always been believers in the U.N., and on frequent occasions we have reproached our government, whether Democratic or Republican, for ignoring or by-passing the U.N. Certainly we never imagined that a time would come when we would reproach an Administration for overaddiction to it. Yet here we are. The incongruity is not ours but—to be charitable—that of the times.

The Middle Eastern crisis precipitated by the Israeli-Egyptian conflict has once more raised the problem of limited wars—wars in which just a few hundred people get killed and the whole planet is not blown up. Is the United States ready to fight that kind of war? **Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.,** military analyst and director of the Defense Studies program at Harvard, has looked into the situation, and his report, we are sorry to say, is far from encouraging. *The Reporter* has been hammering again and again on this point—the last time in an article (September 6) by the late Anthony Leviero. We are only prepared to fight the total, ultimate war we do not want to fight. **Chalmers M. Roberts,** of the Washington *Post and Times-Herald,* reports on those troubled souls in Foggy Bottom who are at work giving our foreign policy a new direction. Our British correspondent, **Alastair Buchan,** who is also on the staff of the London *Observer,* is inclined, like many of his countrymen, to attribute to his government a considerable share of responsibility for the Middle Eastern mess. We do not quite agree with him, since we consider that as a bungler our own Mr. Dulles has no equal. However, some of the mistakes the British political leaders have made, according to Mr. Buchan's report, are what the late Fiorello LaGuardia would have called "beauts."

IN THIS WORLD that is rapidly going insane, it is good to know that one of the biggest and wealthiest states in the Union is finally getting round to providing adequate care in its mental hospitals. The writer of this heartening story is **John Gainfort,** a free lance. The Democrats have won the Congressional elections if not the Presidential: Will this get to be a habit of theirs? **Douglass Cater,** our Washington Editor, gives his answer to the question. **Reinhold Niebuhr,** the eminent theologian who is Professor of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary in New York, discusses the Negro's progress in this country. **Claire Sterling,** our European Correspondent, writes about a key man destined to play a great role in what once more may turn out to be a key country. The Italian Socialist Nenni has sided with the parties of Italian democracy, as he always wanted to do, and has given his support to the Atlantic Alliance—now that it does not mean much. **Arthur Bonner,** CBS correspondent in India, writes about Nepal's new ruler.

Ray Bradbury worked with John Huston on the script of the movie "Moby Dick." **Deming Brown** is assistant professor of Russian at Northwestern University. **Roland Gelatt** has just edited the *High Fidelity Record Annual 1956,* published by Lippincott.

Mark Schorer, short-story writer, critic, and editor, spent the summer lecturing in Japan. He is professor of English at the University of California. **Walter Millis** is the author of *Arms and Men: A Study in American Military History,* which was reviewed in our issue of November 1 by Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Ret.).

Our cover, an impression of London, is by **Jack Fenstermacher.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Price of Peacemongering

No sooner had the people restated their belief in the paternal, charismatic leadership of Dwight D. Eisenhower than the President himself gave new evidence of his inclination to delegate his leadership—charisma and all—to somebody else. The beneficiary this time happens to be not a member of the team but Dag Hammarskjöld.

The cause of peace has no more resourceful and dedicated servant than this Swedish intellectual. But the appallingly difficult tasks he has assumed can be made thoroughly hopeless if the major democratic nation passes on to him the burden of its most crucial decisions. This kind of lazy overconfidence can destroy not only Dag Hammarskjöld but the organization of which he is the head. Our government foredooms Dag Hammarskjöld to failure or ridicule by attributing to him unlimited capacity to fix universal troubles, and it smothers the U.N. by massive reliance on it.

The President and the Administration spokesmen scarcely let a single day go by without stating emphatically that our foreign policy has no other theater of operations than the U.N., and that all our major diplomatic decisions must be subjected to the test of a vote in the General Assembly. Our nation's diplomacy is decided according to the returns of that lottery.

This newest and certainly most dangerous among the pious infatuations of the Administration makes it imperative that a hard look be taken at the U.N. At present, and indeed ever since its founding, the U.N. has worked through power blocs. The Communist and Asian-African blocs are there for all to see. Until a short time ago, there was also the bloc of the Atlantic Alliance. But now, if we are to believe our President, we have no closer relative than mankind at large. He was quite blunt about it: Let's first get this Middle Eastern thing settled, and later we can bother about our own alliance.

This conglomeration of power blocs called the U.N. has become the focal point of the international community, where the rules of international behavior are reflected and registered. Some day, it is to be hoped, these rules may be codified. Some day they might even be made compelling by some superior international force. That day—the ultimate goal of the United Nations—lies in a future so dim as to be thoroughly unfathomable.

In the world in which we live, the rules of international behavior are only very seldom, if at all, produced by resolutions of the General Assembly. These rules are established by precedent-setting, normative facts. The norm prevailing now in these tragic weeks of Middle Eastern turmoil and Hungarian butchery is determined by the fact of Moscow's might. Washington has zealously adopted the policy of no force, while Moscow uses force, or the threat of force, whenever it feels that there is no danger of retaliation on our part. Our government has made it clear that it is ready to retaliate—instantly—but only in a massive way. For such a little thing as the Hungarian revolt, with which our liberation policy may have had something to do, our government has found no other way of retaliating than by presenting resolutions in the U.N. General Assembly.

The same goes for Communist "volunteers" in the Middle East. The President put it quite clearly at a recent press conference: We would not oppose them in any other way than through the U.N. By refusing to give a direct warning to Soviet Russia, our government encourages the flow of "volunteers."

While our leaders virtuously stick to their no force doctrine, the Communists have laid down their law: Force can be used against people who want to gain freedom or who, to defend themselves, want to exercise their freedom. Israel tried to use force against an implacable enemy, and our oldest and closest allies followed suit. It made little difference to the Administration that Nasser is an enemy of our country as well as of Britain and France. Neither did it make any difference that the rulers of Israel, Britain, and France—unlike those of Egypt and Russia—are accountable to their parliaments, their countrymen, and the U.N.

In fact, the leaders of these three countries took a chance and failed. But both the chance they took and their failure were considerably influenced by the lack of assistance from the U.S. government. Yet our government did not hesitate to condemn with equal vigor the use of force in Egypt and in Hungary.

Of course we loathe Nasser just as Nasser loathes us. But it would not be unlike the President to think that somehow we can cut Nasser down to size just as McCarthy was cut down to size. Some day a kind of Watkins Committee of the General Assembly may do the job. Meanwhile, the President does not deal in personalities.

After a Presidential election—and after such a victory for Eisenhower—warnings of the dangers ahead, and sermons on what can be done to avoid them, are of little use. Yet two alarms must be sounded because there are two facts that cannot be hidden: This Administration with its peacemongering has now brought us closer to war than at any time since '45, and with its passive, middle-of-the-road policy at the U.N. it is endangering the best hope mankind still has for peace.

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The Military Lessons Of Suez

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, Jr.

"ARE WE PREPARED, or are we preparing, to be able to fight local aggressions locally?" Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington) asked just before Independence Day. It was a question that had come up time and again. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson answered, "I think so." He added, however, as he so frequently does, this qualifying emulsion: ". . . as I envision the possibilities."

In these three words, "envision the possibilities," lies all the trouble. From the morrow after the invasion of Korea it appeared to many, if not most, military analysts that the very fact that the Soviet Union and the United States have the nuclear capability of wiping each other out does not mean an end to war, but rather the beginning of "limited war." Korea seemed to give historical proof that men could die in battle, to the extent of 33,629, without a nuclear war being fought. The term "graduated deterrence" came to be used to describe a policy through which force could be used with restraint rather than with the bludgeoning effect of megaton bombs. Increasingly, the word "flexibility" came into use to characterize the kind of force that was needed.

IN GENERAL TERMS we all knew what we meant. "A military penny pincher must of necessity be a sort of diplomatic spendthrift. . . . The ability to deal with aggression in any but the most extreme terms decreases as military policy becomes tied to more powerful weapons." This was the present writer's reaction in *The Reporter* early in 1954, when a cut in the Army budget was announced. In April of this year Henry A. Kissinger underscored just this point in an article in *Foreign Affairs:* "It therefore becomes the task of our diplomacy to convey to the Soviet bloc that we are capable of courses other than all-out war or inaction, and that we intend to use this capability."

Even the author of the "massive-retaliation" theory made a gesture toward limiting war by limiting means. Mr. Dulles wrote in the April, 1954, issue of *Foreign Affairs:* "The potential of massive attack will always be kept in a state of instant readiness, but our program will retain a wide variety in the means and scope for responding to aggression."

But—and this is a grossly awkward "but"—no one went into much detail on the military requirements for diplomatic flexibility. The Suez crisis seems to have underlined that fact.

To be sure, the President from the start announced his intentions of staying out of the conflict. "In the circumstances I have described, there will be no United States involvement in these present hostilities," his disclaimer read. But what would have happened if the President had decided on military and not just diplomatic intervention in what has turned out to be a major crisis? In view of our still recent Korean experience, when we were able to send at the outset just two rifle companies plus a battery of artillery—550 men—to fight sixty thousand, the question seems relevant.

Too Little, Too Late

In the Port Said area the British and French landed something on the order of four thousand troops. Approximately one battalion was parachuted in. Others were landed by water. Without passing judgment on either its military execution or its diplomatic wisdom, one can say that the action was one that called for the greatest circumspection on the part of the military. The objectives were limited indeed. Inasmuch as Great Britain in particular did not want to alienate its friends and the friends of Egypt, the Arab oil kingdoms, this was an operation that called for the most diligent use of the principle of economy of force—with as little destruction as possible;

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yet it required a display impressive enough to convince the Egyptians that they ought to be less intransigent toward an international settlement of the Suez Canal problem.

But the operation was a failure from the British-French point of view. It was a matter of too little too late, and a flagging will.

How well prepared would we be to do a better job? There is no lack of fire alarms. Where are our fire brigades? Here schematically is the location of our ground troops by divisions:

Korea	2 Army
Germany	5 Army
Japan	1 Army
Hawaii	1 Army
Alaska	1 Army
United States	11—9 Army, 2 Marine
Western Pacific	1 Marine

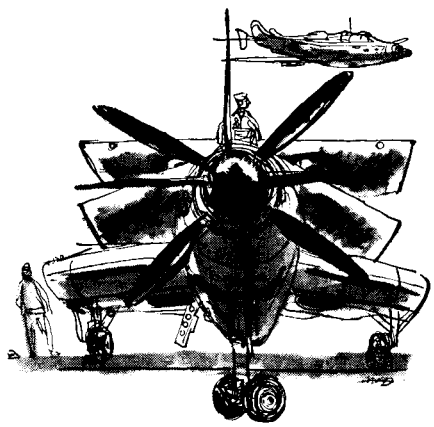
The figures do not tell the whole story, however. For the Army divisions, those in Korea and Europe cannot be shifted without incurring the greatest danger. Of the divisions in the continental United States only four are combat-ready by any standards. The Marines are ready. Our strategic reserve is six divisions in the United States. But these would be a long way from Suez—if they had to go.

A Question of Transport

One could imagine that the Army's airborne troops would be those called upon to do any such job. The 101st Airborne, one of three now activated, is a remodeled division of 11,500 men organized into five combat groups of five companies each. It is equipped with air-transportable self-propelled antitank 90-mm. guns, which could take care of the tough Soviet tanks. The 101st would have with it "Honest Johns," 28-foot solid-fueled rockets capable of being fitted with atomic warheads over a range of twenty miles, and some conventional artillery. The publication *Army* boasted that "On the battle field the [101st] division will be able to hit hard and run fast or, if on the defensive, to set up a strong 'square' perimeter with a combat group at each 'corner' plus the fifth in reserve in the center."

But airlifting the 101st would present major difficulties. According to Major General Earle G. Wheeler, the Army's Director of Plans for Military Operations, "In order to lift one 5,000-ton division [like the 101st], practically the whole of the available Air Force transport capability would be utilized." Moreover, the planes would have to be borrowed from the Strategic Air Command. The Military Air Transport Service is the workhorse of SAC and is an integral part of its plans for D-Day. Understandably enough, therefore, the more acute the crisis the less likely the Air Force would be to hand over planes.

How about the Civil Reserve Air Fleet, that group of planes which the airline companies have set aside as earmarked for military purposes in case of emergency? Could not these be the airborne trucks? They would be a help, but unfortunately not much more. About five per cent of civilian airline tonnage is cargo—the rest is passenger. Military requirements call for a much higher ratio of air-cargo space. For example, cargo takes up about fifty per cent of the Military Air Transport tonnage during peacetime. This means that the military in an emergency will have to figure on convertibility, and this is not an easy job. Whereas civilian passenger planes can be



converted within forty-eight hours for troop transport, it has been estimated that it would take 1,800 man-weeks for the necessary alterations—new doors, new flooring, etc.—to convert enough of CRAF's 350 passenger planes to cargo. As of last summer no one knew just what the capabilities of the CRAF really were. In short, getting our fire brigade to the fire would, to say the very least, be a problem of some magnitude. A good guess might be that a force of three or four thousand men could be in the Suez area within a week at the very earliest.

The Grounded Airbornes

The trouble, of course, is money. When the Eisenhower Administration came in in 1953 it made a $5.2-billion cut in the Truman Administration's proposed budget for defense spending. This meant that the Air Force was cut from a proposed 143-wing structure to a 137-wing structure. All six wings eliminated were composed of transport planes capable of carrying both men and matériel.

Will anything be done to increase Military Air Transport? Probably not. The brilliant Chief of Army Research and Development, Lieutenant General James M. Gavin, has said that "the Army in my personal opinion has . . . as a very minimum, the need for a capability to lift one division in each of our major theaters of interest." The Suez crisis seems to be a precise illustration of what he means. But one Air Force general has estimated the huge new planes now in blueprint, with all their tremendous range and lowered cost per ton per mile, might run in cost to $5 billion if they are to do what General Gavin says must be done. The Air Force general adds that when additional rebuilt runways are added to the cost of the planes, "You've got to multiply that $5 billion by the figure five." Perhaps that is exaggerated, but still . . .

Can sea transport relieve the shortage of air-borne trucks? We certainly have no deficiency of ships. An air-ground task force of forty thousand men—Marines, who are combat-ready—could arrive in a place like Cyprus in thirty-one days from the date loading commenced from Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. But General Gavin testified just recently that it is "almost meaningless" in this day and age "to talk about thirty days later . . ."

In his State of the Union address in 1954 President Eisenhower had this to say about mobility: ". . . our armed forces must regain maximum mobility of action. Our strategic re-

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serves must be centrally placed and readily deployable to meet sudden aggression against ourselves and our allies." The facts would seem to indicate that "ready deployable forces" can count only on the sea lanes for their deployment.

Weapons for Men?

But some people say that weapons can be substituted for men, and that the problem of troop transportation has lost much of its relevance. Secretary of the Air Force Donald A. Quarles said recently, for instance, "If limited war is thrust upon us, the best way to keep it from graduating into total war is to end it quickly" through carefully chosen atomic weapons.

One can readily admit, and should, that there are times when atomic weapons can be used tactically--assuming, of course, that their use may be advisable from a political viewpoint. They could have been used at one time in Korea. They could have been used, and plans were indeed made to use them, to relieve the French fortress of Dienbienphu in northern Indo-China. In both cases the enemy concentrations made a suitable target. Moreover, in a defensive situation such as that of the NATO forces in Europe there is no doubt that to some degree atomic weapons both could and would be used tactically.

As one general put it, "Atomic weapons must be regarded like those with gunpowder in them. Fissionable material has become the saltpeter of today and it must be lived with on the battlefields of the future."

But could atomic weapons be used in a situation like Suez or, for that matter, in central Europe? As the President once remarked, "I believe the great question about these things [small atomic weapons] comes when you begin to get into those areas where you cannot make sure that you are operating merely against military targets."

Take, for the sake of comparison, the 2- and 10-kiloton bombs. The "baby" size, 2 KT., has a maximum damage area, within which reinforced concrete turns to rubble, of roughtly 850 yards radius. (Height of burst, etc., has a bearing on what happens.) The maximum safety radius is something on the order of 1,500 yards. The "little" size, 10 KT., has a maximum damage radius of something on the order of 1,700 yards, and a maximum safety radius of 2,700 yards. Note again that this is *radius* of which we are speaking here, not diameter. Think of a football field, multiply it by seventeen, double that, and imagine yourself looking over the damage caused by a 10-KT. bomb. Hiroshima was devastated by one bomb of 20 KT. How limited is "limited?"

ADMIRAL Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is on record, time and again, to the effect that "Recurring local situations—hot spots—are going to be with us for a long time to come. Unless we are in a position to handle them positively and quickly, these hot spots will be serious and may be frequent."

He also says: ". . . we cannot be strong everywhere simultaneously. Accordingly we plan force levels which provide us mobile, versatile, combat forces in readiness, and an adequate mobilization base." So the Admiral himself brings us back to graduated deterrence. How can we actually deter the enemy, considering the means at our disposal?

AN ARMY friend of mine in sympathy with the latest Army thinking told me ruefully: "Look here, unless we have transportation, graduated deterrence starts with tactical atomic weapons simply because you can't get the troops there to fight with any other kind. As far as I can see, what the Army hopes is that we will be able to avoid mutual suicide by taking a realistic look at the future and preparing to fight on the ground with atomic weapons, missiles, and all the rest." He went on to say that the guided missile was making the bomber obsolete, and ended with the notion that "Airpower will have achieved its greatest height of development when it becomes troop transportation."

But a Marine friend spoke in quite different terms, and he certainly spoke for many in the Corps. "I honestly believe," he said, "that when you talk of dropping 2-KT. bombs around, you're not talking of graduated deterrence, you're talking of total war. What you should be able to do is to commit your riflemen first. You can let the enemy know you mean business by showing him you are willing to spill blood over an issue. Only after you've done that can you think of raising the ante."

Yet reduced to its essentials, the Air Force view and the predominant view of the whole Pentagon is: kilotons to warn and megatons to destroy.

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Washington's Search For a Policy

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

THE National Security Council's safes are full of neatly mimeographed policy papers, properly labeled 'APPROVED BY D.D.E." with appropriate dates. But as one who has had much recourse to them puts it, "They are pretty broad and sweeping, and the trouble always comes on how to apply them to specific problems." These policy papers are taken out from time to time and redrafted in the light of changed facts. But the "trouble" still remains in applying them.

There was, one can assume without searching the NSC safes, no paper that told what to do if the British, French, and Israelis pulled off a concerted attack on Egypt. The President and Secretary Dulles had to improvise. The basis on which the United States voted against its allies at the United Nations was the Eisenhower-Dulles belief that war can no longer be an instrument of national policy—and its use must be condemned, not condoned. On the plane back to Washington from the U.N. session, however, Dulles suddenly decided that since the war was a fact, something ought to be done to make the most, or best, of it. Accordingly he ordered his seat companion, State Department Legal Adviser Herman Phleger, to draft resolutions for presentation to the U.N., urging that it set up commissions to work for permanent settlement of the Suez and Arab-Israeli issues.

Next day, when an ambulance was taking Dulles to Walter Reed Hospital, Phleger was passing out the order at State. But what policies will the United States propose under terms of such U.N. resolutions? Dulles is described as busy in his hospital room with his familiar yellow pad and pencil, but what he is busy with remains to be seen.

The Desiderata for Egypt . . .

In lieu of the Secretary's ideas, here are some now current at State and elsewhere in the upper echelons:

¶ Work out a Suez Canal settlement that will leave Egypt in control and management of the canal and set up an international supervisory board, somewhat along the Indian plan rejected by the eighteen-nation majority at the first London Conference. But tie the settlement much closer to the United Nations than any plan has been up to now, so as to ensure that Israel will have freedom of passage through the canal. How?

¶ Work for an Egyptian-Israeli peace. Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser, diplomatic dispatches

to Washington say, has been rocked on his heels by the Israeli military blitz. Our new Ambassador to Egypt, Raymond Hare, already is busy trying to convince Nasser that the United States is now a middleman in search of peace whereas the Soviet Union is not. Nasser, it is pointed out, has publicly said both America and Russia "are with us."

¶ Nobody at this writing has openly proposed renewing the Aswan High Dam aid offer, but there is plenty of quiet talk of necessary financial aid being pumped into the Middle East. World Bank financing for widening and deepening the canal is an idea being heard again. American dollar help to Israel to indemnify Arab refugees from the Palestine War of 1948 is once more being considered. And Washington is encouraged to hear Israeli talk of taking back all or part of the 200,000 or more refugees who have huddled for eight years in the Gaza strip.

WHAT about Russia? One group of officials argues that it is better to make the Soviet Union a party to any Arab-Israeli peace agreements, pledged to support them, than to leave Moscow free of commitments and thus able to play a troublemaking hand. Eventually such an agreement may be reached, but so far the majority idea is that Russian penetration into the Middle East is less fact than psychology, and why add to the fact?

Above all, the view is strong in Washington that the only possible Arab-Israeli peace is one imposed by the United Nations—"imposed" in the sense that the United Nations should be used to express the determination of the bulk of its members that a settlement must be found. In August, 1955, Dulles said that the United States was prepared to join with other countries in guaranteeing the Arab-Israeli borders—subject to "prior agreement upon what the borders are."

It is now being suggested that this idea be revived but with an important addition: that the General Assembly, not the Security Council, vote the guarantee, with a provision that if it was violated any member nation would be free to take action.

This idea would detour the Soviet veto. It would be even more meaningful if the President, under its terms, were to ask and get from Congress, as some officials are suggesting, a standby-powers resolution similar to that voted to Mr. Eisenhower in the Formosa Strait crisis. One assumption in this line of reasoning is that the Asian nations, despite their part in the Asian-African bloc with the Arabs, are tired of the Middle East's recurrent warring and would vote to thus sanction big-power force through the United Nations as a border guarantee. Israel's status as a child of the United Nations is an argument for such a course.

All these ideas are tentative, speculative, perhaps premature. How much of them Dulles, who has the habit of carrying the Department around in his hat, might accept is also open to question. Yet their main direction does fit the Eisenhower-

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Dulles prescription for Middle East peace as outlined by Dulles in his speech of fifteen months ago.

. . . and for the Satellites

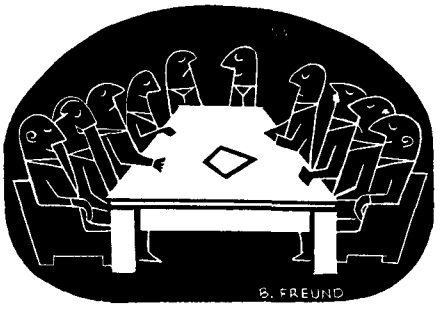
If policymaking for the Middle East appears difficult, that for Europe, especially in relation to the satellites and Germany, is tougher still.

There was an NSC policy paper on the satellites, the result of Dulles's work over a year ago just before he visited Tito in Yugoslavia. It was never publicly announced, but Dulles then decided to divide the satellite problem into two parts: Work for Titoism in all of eastern Europe; after Titoism, work for a return to governments that were democratic in the western sense of the word. He and Tito discussed and agreed publicly on the first point; they didn't bother to discuss the second, since Dulles knew no agreement was possible.

Events in Poland fitted the first point perfectly. The first news from Hungary did the same and the rumblings from the other satellites made it look as though Point 1 might soon be achieved everywhere except perhaps in East Germany. But the Hungarian rebellion not only got out of control from the Kremlin's viewpoint but went beyond Washington's preplanned policy as well. When it did, Dulles was careful not to endorse the Hungarian rebels.

When the Nagy régime in Hungary scrapped the Warsaw Pact, the one-party system, and farm collectivization, Washington's worst fears were realized. Yet the Soviet steel that crushed the rebellion did not do so in a day, as the policymakers had assumed it would. The Russians found themselves up against the same kind of citizen resistance and sniping that they themselves had used so effectively against the Nazi invaders. And for this contingency, too, there was no policy except to attempt to keep Hungary before the world's eyes—and privately to blame Britain and France for having given Moscow a cover for the repression by attacking Egypt.

Now second thinking has begun. The November 6 analysis of Hungary by M. A. Suslov, the Kremlin Presidium member who is the secretary of the Communist Party's Central Committee, has been read with intense care in Washington. One sentence of Suslov's speech had special impact—the one in which he said that "reactionary anti-Socialist elements" in Hungary had taken



advantage of the "crude mistakes" of the former Communist leadership and "succeeded for a certain time in misguiding considerable masses of people and, in particular, young people."

". . . And, in particular, young people." Here was a real poser. The policymakers knew, of course, that the ferment in the satellites—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, even East Germany—had first shown itself in the universities and that these young people, all of whose high-school and university years have been spent under Communism, were the spearhead of the Polish and Hungarian rebellions.

There is an old saw to the effect that, given time to educate youth its own way, Communism would be impregnable. Yet here was the Kremlin conceding publicly that it had not worked.

'The Yeast of Change'

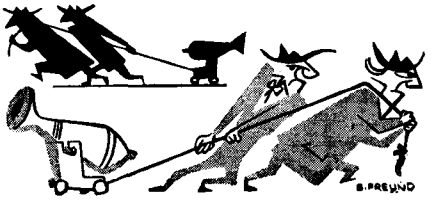
What do such thoughts in the Kremlin presage? Perhaps alarm that the same thing might occur at home? That too much rather than a little education is a dangerous thing? There have been reports of dissatisfied intellectuals inside the Soviet Union, and reports that the Soviets were offering a reward for every Hungarian university student caught —to be shipped off in the direction of Siberia.

Last February, when de-Stalinization began, Dulles declared that "the yeast of change" had begun to work inside the Soviet Union. He and those under him at State have been unsure of where it all might end. And they have not forgotten that the collective leadership, whatever Pandora's box it may have opened by de-Stalinization, controls military power it will not hesitate to use if it believes the Soviet state to be endangered.

This is perhaps the central problem for Washington. The Eisenhower Administration is so well aware of the military side of the coin that it has veered, if anything, too close to a peace-at-any-price position. And it has yet to figure out how to encourage the loosening of the bonds, either inside Russia or between Russia and the satellites, other than by such peripheral measures as increased personal contacts.

This problem is also present in the Red China enigma. In retrospect, the Khrushchev-Bulganin-Mikoyan visit to China in September, 1954, was a landmark. Then the Soviet leaders found they were dealing with an equal, albeit a Marxist one, and that there must from then on be two Romes in the Communist world. This in turn, a good many officials believe, helped lead to the *rapprochement* with Tito and then to Titoism, or at least to national Communism, as a satellite policy.

The nature of the Moscow-Peking relationship is exceedingly hard to fathom. Emotions from both the China debacle and the Korean War still make a revision of our Red China policy most difficult. Peking's failure to release all the Americans it holds has not encouraged the bolder spirits in the Administration to press for a new look. Yet more and more officials are willing to acknowledge that it must come. They will tell you that Eisenhower can swing anything he wants to try, even a Red China switch. A year or more ago the President was talking privately of such a switch, but his attitude grew more rigid during the long haggle over the prisoners. Whatever ideas the Administration has for meeting the great Asian problem are still kept quietly in the Washington sub-basement.



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The British Look At the Balance Sheet

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

LONDON

ON THE MORNING of October 30, United States Ambassador Winthrop W. Aldrich answered a special summons to the Foreign Office. Mr. Aldrich is not the most sensitive diplomat the United States has ever sent to Britain, and his thoughts as the black Cadillac glided down Piccadilly probably ran to the pleasant prospect of returning with honor from Grosvenor Square to White Plains before long. The last three months had been trying: The British and American view of Suez had been getting more and more discordant, and the morning's news of Israel's attack on Egypt meant further trouble.

It was nine-thirty when Mr. Aldrich reached the Foreign Office and was ushered immediately into the Secretary's high, ugly room. Selwyn Lloyd spoke urgently to the United States Ambassador about the draft resolution the United States was about to introduce into the Security Council, condemning Israel for its aggression against Egypt. It was not enough, Lloyd said, to pin the blame on Israel; some wider action was necessary to enforce a settlement of the Palestine question. He could not be more specific because at this moment Foreign Minister Pineau was on his way to London, but he would be grateful if the Ambassador would check with him later in the day.

Mr. Aldrich returned to his Embassy and learned from the news ticker that Pineau was being joined by French Premier Guy Mollet for lunch at 10 Downing Street.

There was something odd and slightly conspiratorial in the air. Even Mr. Aldrich may have sensed it. Even he may not have been entirely surprised when he received a call after lunch to be at the Foreign Office at exactly 4:45 P.M. As he was leaving the Embassy, an aide gave him the message that five minutes earlier the British Prime Minister had announced a twelve-hour ultimatum to Israel and Egypt. When he got to the Foreign Office Mr. Aldrich was met only by an official who handed him the gist of the ultimatum. By the time he could race back to Grosvenor Square and grab a telephone to call Washington, the news was all over the world.

The Day It Began

In fifteen minutes—or perhaps ten—the Anglo-American partnership had suffered a fierce blow. The Russians are doing everything they can to re-establish it, but the process will be painful.

Historians always search for a clue in time, for a date that marks the turning point. Already the United States government has more or less officially selected that date: October 16, the day on which Eden hauled Lloyd straight onward from a trans-Atlantic flight to see Mollet and Pineau in Paris. It was then that the French leaders made up their minds there was no solution to the Algerian crisis without dealing a body blow at the center of Arab nationalism, Gamal Abdel Nasser; it was also the time of the blackest British despair over the inconsistency of American foreign policy. Lloyd had only that morning flown back from the United States after having discovered that Dulles's previous promises to put economic pressure on Egypt for an international solution of the canal problem were virtually worthless.

Shortly after that date, a curious atmosphere of furtiveness became apparent in both London and Paris. Senior officials returning from leave were suddenly told that their presence was no longer required at high-level meetings. The usual flow of Cabinet minutes and top-secret memoranda among responsible officials dried up. Men who for years had moved freely through government offices found that certain wings and passages were cordoned off. At the same time, the build-up of British and French troops in the eastern Mediterranean began to intensify. Both governments had refused to demobilize their forces in the area, and as early as October 13 Eden had reiterated that the use of force could not be excluded in the settlement of the canal dispute.

Since the Anglo-French troop movements were concentrated on Cyprus and Malta, where the most rigorous censorship still exists, the details are still hard to assess; but it is known that in the third week of October French troops began to mass in the Toulon-Marseilles area for an unknown destination that was specifically stated not to be Algeria. They were issued desert equipment and vehicles painted with desert camouflage. At about this time, Britain's force of Valiant bombers was moved from England to Malta.

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THEN on October 29 an ultimatum was sent to Israel and Egypt. The alacrity with which Israel accepted the cease-fire, though without implementing it, only increased the doubts of those who question the spontaneity of the Anglo-French action. The consequence was Anglo-French intervention in Suez, something which both governments at least had the honesty to admit they had been contemplating all along.

Those who have perhaps the biggest gripes are the soldiers. They had been briefed to expect intervention against an Egyptian attack on Israel some time in the first week of November. This has an odd ring to it since the dates jibe so closely with those set for Israel's attack on Egypt, which was triggered off prematurely, some say, by President Eisenhower's warnings to Ben Gurion, based on the clear evidence of American intelligence agencies that something was brewing. The British Chiefs of Staff had never liked the idea of trying to reoccupy the Canal Zone by force—a perilous operation exposing two long flanks. Another consideration was that the United States had in effect walked out of the Tripartite Declaration of 1950 last spring when President Eisenhower declared that he would never use force in the Middle East without consulting Congress.

IF THERE could have been the "clean swift blow" that British and French planners have always predicated as the prerequisite for western intervention in the Middle East, the world might have judged it differently. But because Israel had taken action some three to six days before it was expected, the sea-borne forces in Malta and Cyprus were not fully ready. Along with bad weather in the Mediterranean, this meant that they could not actually land at the canal for at least six days. A last-minute attempt was made to call off the sea-borne operation and confine Anglo-French intervention to the bombing of Egyptian airfields and tanks. Antony Head, Britain's Minister of Defence, flew secretly and hurriedly to Cyprus on November 3 to see if the original Anglo-French plan for full-scale air-borne landings on Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez could be modified in order to prevent further accusations of military aggression. Probably if the British had had their way, ground troops would never have been put into Port Said; but French ardor, once aroused, is less easily quenched.

It has now become clear that British forces went ashore at Port Said with no supporting naval fire, which had been called off, and encountered much stiffer Egyptian resistance than they had had reason to expect. They were not fully in control of Port Said when Russia's threat of intervention forced the British and French governments to agree to halt their forces and negotiate a cease-fire.

After the Cease-Fire

The debate that has raged in Britain since October 30 has had no counterpart since the days of the Irish question fifty years ago. It has set friend against friend, split up families, and even lined up Conservatives against Conservatives. No social group, no matter how old its roots, has been unaffected by the bitterness. Those who are critical of their government's action argue that the resort to force in this instance without the authority of the United Nations was immoral; that Britain has damaged its relations with the United States; that the nation has isolated itself from the whole of Asian and Arab opinion; that the leadership of the Commonwealth has been forfeited to Canada and India; that Britain has gravely jeopardized its essential oil supplies; and finally that by trying to behave as independent great powers in the Middle East, both France and Britain have made it certain that whatever settlement emerges in that area will be determined by the action—or inaction—of the two superpowers.

This is the burden of the charges leveled against Eden's government by the Labour Party, by many people who normally vote Conservative, and by such independent papers as the *Observer* and the *Economist*.

The government's reply is that it was forced to act speedily because of the dangerous situation that was developing, that time permitted no consultation with Washington or the Commonwealth capitals, and above all that in initiating "police action" it has forced the United Nations to take its responsibilities seriously and the United States to develop a coherent Middle Eastern policy.

There is no doubt that Eden, who has become like his younger self in recent weeks—gay, strong, effective, completely unlike the touchy, tired figure of recent years—has the majority of the country behind him. The resignations of two of his ablest junior Ministers, Anthony Nutting and Sir Edward Boyle, have not affected either him or the country very seriously.

BUT AS the bills come due for payment, the mood may change. There will be a colossal fuel bill to be paid for Western Hemisphere supplies to fill the gap while the canal is being cleared. Beyond that, only time will tell how heavily Britain has overdrawn its account of political good will.

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How Texas Is Reforming Its Mental Hospitals

JOHN GAINFORT

For nearly a century the state mental hospitals in Texas have been little more than human warehouses. Patients, committed by the archaic procedure of jury trial, have not been treated but simply stored like so many prisoners.

While private sanitariums were discharging eight or nine patients a year for each of their beds, the state hospitals released only one patient for every three or four beds. Thousands got out only when they died. Year after year the static population mounted until it reached about sixty per cent of the total. (In this and other respects, the state mental hospitals of Texas are generally typical, with some notable exceptions, of those in many other states.)

In 1949, responding to one of the periodic demands for reform, the state legislature created the Board for Texas State Hospitals and Special Schools. This body was put in charge of all the state's eleemosynary institutions, which included tuberculosis sanatoriums, schools for the mentally retarded, orphans' homes, and an Indian reservation in addition to mental hospitals. But the hospitals were its major problem.

The board had no sooner been established than it began to disintegrate—just as had every previous project for the reform of the hospitals. In the following five years it had five executive directors, and the rest of the staff turned over almost as fast. During that time it did manage to draw up a practicable fourteen-point plan for hospital reform, but only four of the recommendations were put into effect.

Enter the Research League

Finally the board decided to try a more fundamental approach. It invited a private organization called the Texas Research League to conduct a survey of the twenty-three institutions under its control, with special emphasis on mental hospitals.

The Research League is a nonprofit educational corporation whose purpose is to analyze social and administrative problems when requested to do so by the state government of Texas. Its seventy-two-member board of directors, chaired first by Ben H. Wooten, a Dallas banker, and now by Hines H. Baker, president of the Humble Oil & Refining Co., has included the late Jesse H. Jones, former chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; J Harold Dunn, president of Shamrock Oil; and Jay Taylor of the Taylor Cattle Company.

A remarkable study of mental hospitals was produced by this group. The Association for Governmental Research, awarding its highest award to the Texas Research League for its achievement, called the survey "The most notable piece of research in its field during the past year." The study, which cost $160,000 and produced fourteen volumes of reports and recommendations, began with the legal structure and moved systematically and imaginatively through the entire hospital system to the final disposition of both the living and the dead (some of the hospitals didn't know where they had put the bodies).

Research projects of this kind are not unique, of course; indignant taxpayers in many parts of the country are always trying to find out why they don't get more for their money. But this was not just a lobbying effort to cut taxes by increasing government efficiency. It was an investigation to find out why the hospitals didn't function properly and how they could be made to do so.

The search for a man to direct operations took months and covered most of the nation. Prospects were finally screened down to six men, who were then invited to Texas and turned over to the Research League's executive committee. After two days of interviewing, each committeeman wrote his choice on a slip of paper. Every slip contained the same name—Alvin A. Burger.

The League's executive director is Texan by nature if not by birth. He has all the spacious friendliness native to the state—and of course, impressive technical assets. He was research director for both the New Jersey Chamber of Commerce and the Council of State Chambers of Commerce in Washington, D. C. He has worked with various Congressional committees and is credited with a major influence on governmental economy. A major share of the credit for the project's success must go to Mr. Burger—and to his project director, Aris A. (Bob) Mallas, Jr.

'Guilty of Lunacy'

There are six state mental hospitals in Texas, located in Austin, Rusk, San Antonio, Terrell, Big Spring, and Wichita Falls. There are also three geriatric centers. Although the total capacity of the nine institutions was nominally 10,516 patients, in 1954 they had a daily average population of 16,554.

Members of the research team worked simultaneously in different areas. Some explored the institutions and their administration; others studied the legal structure governing their operation—and found chaos. No law clearly defined the state's responsibility for its mentally ill, nor did any law even mention the word "geriatric." The commitment procedure was shocking.

Most American states modeled their first commitment laws on the eighteenth-century English lunacy law, which differed little from criminal law. Persons accused of being "lunatick," like those accused of crime, were arrested and brought to trial. A jury gave the verdict "guilty of lunacy."

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But as knowledge about mental disorders increased, reforms were gradually instituted, and one state after another amended its commitment laws. Texas alone, among all the states, retained the jury system as mandatory for all permanent commitment.

THE TRIAL of a farmer in central Texas—call him Ed Norcross—was typical of most such ceremonies. Mr. Norcross had become morose and his wife consulted a doctor. The doctor recommended treatment in a mental hospital. After Mrs. Norcross had sworn out a complaint, her husband was arrested and released on bond.

On the day of the trial he was brought into court between two deputy sheriffs. The county attorney read the complaint to a jury while the prisoner sat listening. Then his wife and his brother, ashamed and embarrassed at what they were doing, testified against him. "He just sits and broods," they said.

The doctor, not a psychiatrist and not required by law to be present at all—he might have merely signed a certification—told the jury that Mr. Norcross was "pretty sick mentally—he can't look after his farm. Doesn't know where he is."

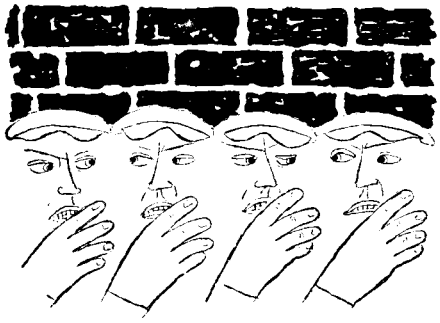
In order to commit Mr. Norcross, the jury had to return a "Yea" answer to two principal questions: Was the defendant of unsound mind? If so, was it necessary that he be placed under restraint?

In the circumstances there was no way of knowing whether Ed Norcross was in need of restraint, but the jury voted "Yea" on both counts. That meant commitment—perhaps for life.

Of 357 similar trials in Bexar County in 1954 there were only four acquittals. The law could only be abolished by a constitutional amendment, which the voters had twice refused to approve.

AN ELOQUENT indictment of the Texas commitment procedure is contained in one of the Research League's findings that "Seventy per cent of all the patients don't need to be in a mental hospital . . . they could be treated at home, in clinics, or other institutions." The researchers found, for example, that eighteen hundred patients had been diagnosed as mentally retarded—a condition that ordinarily does not require confinement. They found sixty children in the state hospitals, though there were no facilities to care for them. There were young people in the geriatric centers and insane people in the prisons.

Furthermore, improper commitments were not corrected in the hos-



pitals. It had become a policy of the state medical staffs to diagnose as "psychotic" all the old people who were committed—and patients sixty-five and older made up about twenty per cent of all new admissions. Besides, in Texas as in many other states, it was a rule in state hospitals that no patient could ever be released unless he had "a place to go to." Many people who didn't belong in the hospitals to which they had been committed—especially the aged—were there because of relatives who simply wanted to get rid of them

An efficient state hospital system should correct these evils, not condone and multiply them. What then had kept the hospitals from changing their ways?

The Situation in Austin

An extraordinary study of a single typical hospital provided the answer. It was made by one of the Research League's consultants—Dr. Ivan Belknap of the Department of Sociology of the University of Texas.

Describing his methods and the methods of his assistants, Dr. Belknap told me: "We spent two years in the exploration, talking to personnel and patients, working in the wards. We tried to live with the system and understand it from the viewpoint of both patient and employee."

The hospital chosen for the study was the one in Austin. It was considered to be typical of ninety per cent of all state hospitals in the country. The oldest in the Texas hospital system, it was opened in 1861 with only twelve patients. Since then it has grown, in a helter-skelter, patchwork pattern, to its present size of seventy-eight buildings on grounds that extend to eighty acres. Another 250 acres provides farms, gardens, a park, and a cemetery.

The Research League found that the hospital employed 434 medical and 196 nonmedical personnel, ninety per cent of whom lived on the premises. It produced and handled groceries, meats and dairy products, ice, clothing, and dry goods. It had an ice plant, plumbing, electrical, and repair plants, as well as steamfitting and other maintenance crews. There was a bakery, creamery, sewing room, and laundry; and there were shoe and beauty shops as well as a mattress factory.

This sprawling hospital community served thirty-one counties and had a rated capacity of 1,775 patients. Its average daily population in 1954 was 2,930 Researchers found the wards so crowded that attendants could not pass readily between the beds.

The hospital's organization chart showed two main divisions: custodial-maintenance and medical-psychiatric. The administrative plan, similar to that in most state hospitals, gave the superintendent, a psychiatrist, executive control over both divisions. He was responsible for each patient, but he delegated that authority through a clinical director to the ward physicians. And that's where it stayed.

The ward physician had all the other doctors in the hospital available for consultation. He could also call upon psychologists, therapists, social workers, nurses, and attendants.

In practice, however, the researchers discovered a totally different hierarchy of authority and responsibility. This unofficial, purely informal hierarchy actually controlled the hospital, functioning through a loosely organized but rigid caste system consisting of three groups. The first and most powerful was custodial, headed by male and female supervisors. Second in importance was maintenance, headed by a business manager. Third and last came the medical-psychiatric group, head-

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ed by the clinical director. This last, according to the survey, "functions only in a symbolic way—to represent the traditional interest of the mental hospital in psychiatric therapy."

In focusing attention on the custodial group, the Research League put its finger on the strength and the weakness of the state institution, as well as the reason why repeated efforts at reform had been successfully resisted. "Without the attendants," the report noted, "the hospital would collapse." This might be true of many hospitals, but in state mental hospitals the attendants control just about everything. Patients did most of the menial work, while the so-called attendants received the patients, established routines for their deportment, health, eating, and sleeping, and gave or withheld privileges—a category that included better rooms and beds, easier access to a doctor, and such basic matters as kind treatment.

The attendants often punished patients by withdrawing any or all of their privileges. Short of inflicting corporal punishment—which was not unknown—they could give patients unpleasant work or transfer them to undesirable wards. The attendants decided which patients were to receive shock treatment—and often used it as a threat rather than therapy. Because the attendants were the only liaison between doctor and patient, their power affected even that vital relationship.

And yet most attendants had no qualifications for even the most ordinary exercise of authority. They had come to the hospital, with no training in the handling of patients, from farms and from jobs as unskilled or semiskilled laborers. The average education in the Austin hospital did not extend beyond the ninth grade.

It becomes quite clear why the state hospitals have been nothing more than human warehouses: The custodial system, under which patients were exploited rather than treated, was the force that prevented reform.

Much of the trouble lay in a fundamental belief among these untrained, often ignorant and superstitious attendants that mental illness cannot be treated successfully. Even the professional staff—department heads, technicians, internes, nurses—consciously or unconsciously supported the custodial pattern. This meant that very few patients in the state hospitals were actually afforded the benefit of a planned program of treatment.

Physician, Heal

The lack of trained medical personnel was of course a major reason for the situation. The American Psychiatric Association has set a minimum standard for mental hospitals of one psychiatrist to every hundred patients, although the national average is only twenty-eight per cent of the standard. In Texas the entire state hospital system had only one psychiatrist whose qualifications were approved by the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. The entire system had six psychiatrists, only two of whom were practicing; others were administrators.

For 16,554 patients in 1954 the Texas hospitals had forty-nine physicians, about fifty registered nurses, three trained social workers, one clinical psychologist, and about three thousand attendants.

The quality of professional and nonprofessional personnel was unusually low, for in trying to meet the shortage, the hospitals employed untrained attendants and partially trained medical personnel. Administration was loose and discipline lax. A physician's mistakes might go undiscovered, or might be tolerated because there was no one to replace him. Even so, the turnover was enormous. The average doctor at the Austin hospital stayed on the job only a year and a half.

According to the American Psychiatric Association, discharges from mental hospitals are directly proportionate to the size of their staffs. This observation is illustrated by the remarkable state hospital at Topeka, Kansas, which is staffed by psychiatrists trained at the Menninger Foundation. With one psychiatrist for every twenty-five patients, it has been releasing many patients within ninety days. The superintendent, Dr. Alfred Paul Bay, reported that the average population for a single year has been reduced from a high of 1,800 to 1,440. And in the last six months of 1954 the hospital was able to admit as many patients as it did in 1950, 1951, and 1952 combined. The results of this carefully planned and supervised treatment program contrasted glaringly with the haphazard program of the state hospitals in Texas.

In Austin a patient got routine supervision and ordinary attention to his daily needs and his physical health—but only a small number got even the little psychiatric attention a ward physician could give them. Few received any concentrated individual treatment, although they did have some opportunity to join in group recreation or group programs of occupational therapy. It may be pointed out, in passing, that the new "tranquilizing" drugs can offer no remedy for such abuses as the Texas Research League uncovered. In certain types of mental illness these drugs facilitate treatment, but they do not obviate the need for it.

Patients or Prisoners?

From fifteen to twenty per cent of new arrivals at Austin received some psychological testing and a joint diagnosis by the medical staff. About forty per cent of these new arrivals would be furloughed or discharged within a year—but not, according to the Research League's study, because they had been cured by the hospital treatment program. They had either recovered by themselves or else they should not have been committed in the first place.

One typical ward in another hospital chosen for study contained 134 patients. Thirty-one disorders, from schizophrenia to alcoholism, were represented by eighty-nine of them. Nobody knew what, if anything, was the matter with the other forty-five; they had never been diagnosed. Some of these patients were new arrivals, but some had been in the hospital for years. And when a typical group of 130 long-term patients was checked, it turned out that thirty of them had never been diagnosed. Many others in this group had received only a cursory diagnosis, with no medical record to support it. At a meeting of hospital superintendents attention was called to the large proportion of undiagnosed patients. "You tell us who they are and we'll

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diagnose them," one superintendent replied crisply.

Similar conditions were found in other Texas hospitals. About thirty per cent of all the patients had received no diagnosis.

PATIENTS not discharged after the first year had only a small chance of ever being released. By the third year it had dwindled to one chance in a hundred. Most of them moved on down to the wards of final destination, there to wait the ultimate release of death. They had joined the static population.

Judged on the basis of its responsibility under the law, however, the Austin hospital had actually done a reasonably efficient job. The staff had always accepted—though usually in a vague way—the essential desirability of providing psychiatric treatment as well as custodial care. But the League's study concluded that so long as the custodial system remained in its present form, no amount of money for professional personnel, buildings, or equipment would do much to improve the effectiveness of the state hospital in treating mental disease.

A Course Is Charted

To end the evils of the custodial system and replace the human warehouses with hospitals that could treat and cure and rehabilitate their patients, the Research League made hundreds of recommendations. A single volume of the fourteen contains seventy-six specific proposals for improvement.

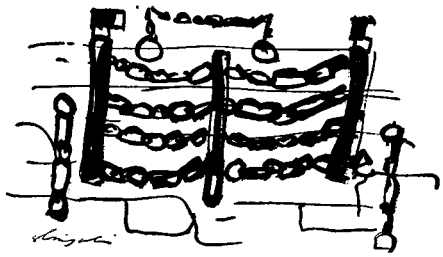
Fundamentally, all of them rested on the proposal that the Texas state hospitals should be used exclusively for patients who are mentally ill. Many recommendations were made for improvement and development of the present hospital plant, but the most radical were aimed at limiting hospitalization to those patients actually in need of mental treatment —and prohibiting admission of persons who are merely aged, who are mentally retarded, orphaned, or alcoholic, or who, whatever their incapacity, do not belong in a mental hospital. Programs of education and rehabilitation were recommended, as well as the establishment of outpatient clinics.

On the vital matter of personnel there were many recommendations. "The greatest administrative opportunity for reducing waste of manpower and funds," the Research League observed, "lies in making better use of personnel and in cutting down the extraordinarily high rate of turnover."

To solve the twin problems of personnel shortage and high turnover, the report recommended the establishment of a personnel division and individual personnel offices in each institution. These would provide machinery for recruiting and holding employees.

THE Research League's recommendation to make better use of the present personnel touched on one very sensitive matter. Most superintendents of mental hospitals are psychiatrists, but their administrative work usually prevents them from practicing as psychiatrists. Nevertheless, most medical authorities are outraged by the suggestion that a layman might be put in charge of a hospital. And yet the doctors who were practicing in Texas hospitals were found to be spending at least half their time on paper work.

The Research League recommended that psychiatrists should be relieved of time-consuming administrative detail so that they might do the job for which they were trained.



In the absence of a doctor who is a competent administrator, the best possible lay administrator should be chosen.

Action at Last

Many of these recommendations required new legislation. The League listed the needed changes and the Board for Texas State Hospitals and Special Schools requested the state legislature to make them. Governor Allan Shivers led the movement to obtain the new laws, and he was supported by many citizen groups.

Of seven Research League-inspired measures, five were enacted at the 1955 session and are now in effect. Three of these embody the major proposals.

First was a comprehensive new Mentally Retarded Persons Act, which gave Texas a foundation for training and rehabilitating these people outside of the state hospitals.

Next was a joint resolution calling for a constitutional amendment to abolish jury trials for the mentally ill. Medical or psychiatric evidence was to be required in all commitment cases, which would be handled by judges alone. This amendment was passed overwhelmingly in the recent elections.

Third was a law limiting initial admissions in state hospitals to ninety days. During this observation period patients must be examined and diagnosed. They may be permanently committed only after this process.

These three measures alone give effective protection against filling the hospitals with people who are not mentally ill—and thus making it more difficult to treat those who are. The new system will enable Texas to reduce its present hospital population and to give better care, even with present personnel, to those who need it.

Fortified by the new laws and substantially strengthened in its own organization, the Board for Texas State Hospitals and Special Schools is now well launched on a program that will take years to complete, but one which is clearly defined and which promises to give Texas one of the best state hospital systems in the country.

SOON AFTER completing its survey of the hospitals and special schools, the Texas Research League received from the state government five more requests for surveys. These include explorations of the University of Texas and the school-district structure. The Research League is now solidly booked for the next year or so and has had to refuse further applications for the time being.

The Research League has become a permanent aid to good government in Texas and has pointed the way toward the achievement of an elusive and precious political goal—saving tax dollars while at the same time promoting social welfare.

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Who Will Speak For the Democrats?

DOUGLASS CATER

For Senator Lyndon Johnson, who confidently expects to resume unchallenged the post of Senate Majority Leader next January, it was strictly business as usual when he met the press three days after the election. The campaign, one gathered, had been a necessary if not particularly fruitful interruption in the work of government. He was glad the people had endorsed his policy of "responsible opposition" by reelecting a Democratic Congress; one could detect no particular sorrow that the people had decided differently in the matter of the Presidency. Things would go on pretty much as before. "We are a good and reasonable group of men working for the good of the country without parties, labels, or cliques," Johnson declared. Would the Democrats have a legislative program of their own? "No, we'll wait for the President. We'll support him when he's right and oppose him when he's wrong."

Johnson's optimism turned to edginess when the reporters began to probe. Did he agree with Adlai Stevenson's characterization of our Middle East policy as a dismal failure? "I believe I'll let Mr. Stevenson speak for himself." What did he think of Senator Hubert Humphrey's opinion that the Democrats had better get moving on civil rights in Congress if they wanted to survive? "I have nothing to say about any statement of any Senator." The reporters persisted. "Not even as shrewd and able a man as Jack Bell," he drawled to the veteran Senate correspondent for the Associated Press, "is going to get me in an argument with anybody."

As the reporters were filing out at the end of the press conference, there was one parting question about the future leadership of the Democratic National Committee. But the Senator still wasn't biting. "One reason I don't get into trouble is because I don't butt into other people's business." Johnson cupped his hand to his mouth in an elaborate stage whisper: "Of course, I don't want them butting into mine, either."

It was a typical performance for Johnson, whose power is, if anything, enhanced by the defeat of his party's national candidates. He and his fellow Texan, Speaker Sam Rayburn, will go on running the affairs of Congress, which provides the only regular forum where party policies and programs can be displayed in the national limelight. The main things left holding the Democratic

Johnson

Party together in defeat, one observer has remarked, are its debts and its Texans.

There are many who will argue that this is not sufficient glue; that despite its impressive show of strength in Congressional and local contests, the Democratic Party could very well go on winning state and Congressional elections and losing Presidential ones unless new sources of party vitality are discovered.

In some quarters the resentment against Johnson as a symbol of—or a substitute for—party unity runs fairly strong. Just before the elections, for example, a devout wish was expressed by a member of Governor Averell Harriman's entourage that the Democrats might lose Congress too, since that would precipitate a basic showdown which he believed necessary for the party's salvation.

Other Democrats share this concern without espousing the doctrine of resurrection through total defeat. Indeed, some of those who are concerned about the party's future have a keen appreciation for Johnson's prowess as a party harmonizer in the Senate; he usually displays great sensitivity in achieving balance among the forces with which he has to deal—that is, the forces actually represented in the Senate. And they find validity in Johnson's claim that it obviously lies outside his jurisdiction to undertake more.

But it is equally obvious that there are forces in the Democratic Party that receive only slight and inadequate representation in Congress. In the Senate, the Democratic Policy Committee's only spokesman from an urban Northern state is the aged Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island. There will be only four Democratic Senators from the industrial East when the next Congress convenes, of whom only John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts and John O. Pastore of Rhode Island are expected to carry much weight. Herbert Lehman's departure will not be entirely offset by the arrival of Joseph Sill Clark of Pennsylvania, who will promptly be entrapped in the Senate's juniority system which so effectively squelches the first-termer. In the new Senate even more than in the preceding one, the balance of Democratic power, which Johnson can be expected to discover unerringly, will lie somewhere along the Southern-Western axis. What is needed, Senator George Smathers of Florida told reporters in urging the selection of Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana as party whip, is a division of leadership between the South and the West.

The plight of the Congressional Democrats goes beyond sectional imbalance. Seniority will bestow such powerful fiefdoms as the Judici-

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ary Committee chairmanship on Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, a leading advocate of civil disobedience to the Supreme Court, and the Foreign Relations chairmanship on the eighty-nine-year-old Green, who inherits it from seventy-eight-year-old Walter F. George. Though the hardy band of Humphrey, Douglas, and Morse have promised to speak out forcefully next year for their concepts of a liberal national Democratic credo, their voices are at best isolated and picked up erratically by the press. In the House, there is a fairly impressive group of young Democratic insurgents. They operate, however, with the knowledge that S. Rayburn, while not loath to knock Republicans, doesn't appreciate anyone who upsets the ordered ways.

The point of those who make these analyses is not to lament the shortcomings of the organizations run by Johnson and Rayburn but simply to make clear that the party in Congress should not be relied on as the sole voice of the opposition's aims and aspirations. Indeed, the Congressional system itself tends to suppress some issues that are of major importance to the party in areas where victory is essential to the success of the national ticket. Vigorous as the Democratic Party still is, there is danger that it may degenerate into a loose confederacy of sectional parties going by the same name, able to hold a majority in Congress but incapable of electing a President.

A Job for Stevenson?

How to prevent this enfeeblement? One dimension of the problem can be seen in the sad fate of the so-called "titular leader." After his 1952 defeat, Stevenson managed rather quickly to grasp the reins of party leadership even though he was never accorded even a pretense of consultative courtesy from the Congressional leaders. (Johnson means it quite seriously when he says that nobody should butt into *his* business.) Stevenson found in the burden of paying off the party debt a convenient means of strengthening his ties with the state organizations. He was able to impose his choice of National Committee Chairman without too much difficulty. And he always held the trump card of his potential availability as a contender in 1956.

This time, even if he wants another try, he faces a two-term limitation on defeated Presidential candidates scarcely less ironclad than the Constitutional ban on successful ones. He must bear the onus of his recent defeat without sharing any of the credit for the party's strong showing on lower levels. There is an uneasiness over the choice of the next party chairman, with reports of an attempted coalition of Northern forces trying to elect Stevenson's campaign chief, James Finnegan, at the next National Committee meeting.

Rayburn

To a good many politicians as well as students of politics, the vacuum created by the uncertain role of the titular leader is intolerable. Paul T. David, Director of Governmental Studies at the Brookings Institution, expresses the belief that "The weakest feature in the whole American political system is its failure to provide any assured position of respectability and responsibility for the leader of the opposition party." He favors Federal legislation to grant statutory recognition for this position, a public salary, and other perquisites comparable to those of the Vice-President, including continuing access to government information. Not surprisingly, a draft bill to provide some of these benefits has been greeted with a massive lack of enthusiasm on Capitol Hill.

Vacuum at the Top

The Democrats, along with the Republicans, have made much of their capacity to modernize to meet changing needs. They offer as evidence the steady build-up of the national headquarters in Washington, replete with research facilities and prolific propaganda operations. Both parties have their radio and television specialists. The Democrats have even ventured into commercial journalism with a monthly periodical, the *Democratic Digest,* which has had a limited newsstand success.

But for the Democrats as the opposition party, the effort to formulate and express anything approximating a national program has been subject to the continuous drag of the party in Congress. The committee staff's preparation of speeches and other documentary ammunition against the Republicans has frequently had to be carried on in an atmosphere of intrigue. When staff members were found circulating a copy of a memorandum by Benjamin V. Cohen that took sharp issue with the Administration's Formosa policy last year, there were prompt, embarrassed denials that it bore the imprimatur of the National Committee. There is hesitancy about stirring the ire of conservative Democrats on the Hill by venturing into new or controversial areas. The *Democratic Digest* has contented itself with satirical treatment of Republican blunders.

WHAT IS sorely needed, many feel, is some means of giving focus to the Democrats as a national party. There needs to be a forum outside Congress in which those who have a capacity for providing national leadership—Congressmen, governors, mayors, or just rising Democrats—can test the strength of their personalities and their ideas. The quadrennial national convention, a televised circus held on the eve of the campaign, no longer serves the purpose of acquainting the electorate with its potential national leaders.

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A Theologian's Comments On the Negro in America

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE SUPREME COURT decision on segregation was not only a milestone in the history of relations between races in our country, but also in the wholesome interaction between the abstract concept of human rights and the specific rights of the American citizen. In spite of the Bill of Rights it required a Civil War to free the Negro from slavery. Soon thereafter it became apparent that the social and moral resources of the nation were insufficient to guarantee him equal standing with other citizens. In a culture that prided itself on its openness and social mobility, the Negro alone was reduced to the status of the medieval serf. In a nation that prided itself on being a melting pot for all the races of men, or rather of Europe, the Negro was prevented by law or by custom from participating in the process. His rights could not be recognized, or made real, until sufficient moral and political vitality in the nation and community insisted that they be.

The Negro was gradually emancipated from his cultural backwardness, partly by the exertions of gifted members of the race who were able to transcend the handicaps of unequal educational opportunities, and partly by the slow development of greater educational opportunities on either a segregated or unsegregated basis. The achievements of the Negro in the arts and in sports have been particularly vivid reminders of the potentialities of a common humanity and a refutation of those who insist on educational inequality as the natural consequence of an inherent inequality.

THE CULTURAL factors were not strong enough, however, to close the gap. Before the turn of the century the Supreme Court found it expedient to invent the neat device of "separate but equal" facilities in education, in order to comply with the provisions of the Bill of Rights. The Court thereby proved that it was not sure of the power of the majesty of the law if the law was too far in advance of the historic factors in the community. The device served the nation for half a century, not only to conceal the hiatus between human rights and the rights of Americans, but also to compel the creation of more equal educational opportunities, and indeed of unsegregated education where the community was unable to provide equal facilities.

The turning of the screw of the law tighter and tighter has been so effective in recent decades that many genuine supporters of racial equality regretted that the nation was not allowed to explore this avenue of interaction between law and custom for a few more decades before the Court decreed that separate educational facilities could never be equal since they created the odium of inequality, a psychological factor that no amount of equal equipment could overcome.

The Hard Core of Prejudice

The Court, when challenged by Negroes on the point that segregated schools could not provide equality in fact, gave the only possible decision and declared that segregated schools did indeed violate the Bill of Rights. One wonders whether this new decision represents a growth in the mind of the Court due to the contemporary climate of opinion, or whether the Court thought that the neat device had served its purpose and, if continued, would do more harm than good.

If one compares the two Court decisions one has a lively sense of the vital relation between juridical decisions and the historic factors that affect those decisions. In that sense the Supreme Court follows the election returns. But while the decision was inevitable, subsequent developments have proved that there is even now no clear supremacy of a law based upon human rights over the mores of a community that does not acknowledge the common humanity of fellow citizens. It is clear that in those portions of the Southern and border states where there was a disposition to establish genuine community across the barriers of racial prejudice, the Court decision gave an added impetus to the process. On the other hand, those counties which had made least progress in integration were prompted to overt defiance by the Court ruling. When this hiatus between the law, embodying an ideal, and the mores of the community is wide, the application of the law casehardens the hard core of defiance.

This hard core can be defined in almost arithmetical terms. It consists of counties and states in which the Negroes form a very large minority or a majority. In such counties and states the pattern of nullification has already been established. We may be grateful that the pattern is not as widespread as that of the nullification of the franchise after the Fourteenth Amendment. But the fact that it is there proves the impotence of the concept of human rights if the community does not have the moral and cultural resources to comprehend it. It is to be hoped that the areas of recalcitrance will be geographically so small that the mood of the general community will gradually permeate them and soften their defiance.

THE FACT that the most explicit defiance occurs also in counties where the cultural and educational standards are lowest gives us some clue to the sources on which race prejudice feeds. Prejudice may of course be any opinion with which we do not agree. Race prejudice may best be defined, however, as primarily group pride, which is almost always an extension of the survival impulse of the group. In the case of Negro-white relations the compound of survival impulse and pride manifests itself in extravagant fears of intermarriage, which is supposed to threaten the white race in its purity. It is worth observing, in countering these fears, that there was a greater mixture of blood in slavery times than in any subsequent period.

The other source of prejudice is

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the fear of the Negro's cultural backwardness. If we are right in defining this backwardness as cultural rather than biological, it will of course be cured in time by precisely those equal opportunities of education which the Constitution and the Court seek to impose upon the community. But this fact does not immediately help anxious mothers and fathers in those counties of the South which regard a common education as a threat to the cultural adequacy of their children's education.

Great social evils are corrected and social changes made, on the whole, by implicit rather than explicit processes. The law sometimes plays a creative role, as it has in this instance. But usually the law merely regularizes and symbolizes social realities and power relations that have been achieved by gradual accommodation, unless such flagrant injustices have developed in a community that a violent eruption of dissident forces has led to radical change

The Paradox of the Churches

If we must rely chiefly on the slow erosion of racial prejudice, every common activity of trade or culture in which community is established and men are prompted to recognize a common worth or an uncommon excellence is an important factor. This fact probably explains why the Christian churches in the South have been relatively so impotent in establishing racial brotherhood, despite their explicit universalistic principles. For the churches, as Negro Christians long ago ruefully admitted, have been the most segregated communities in the South and, for that matter, in the nation. Nothing can hide the fact that this religiously sanctified racial parochialism has been a grievous offense against the very ideals of the Christian faith. But it has also been the negative by-product of one of the genuine achievements of the sectarian church in our nation: the creation of integral communities on the level of local congregations. Thus we have the ironic fact that the sports fields, theaters, and music halls of the nation have been more creative than the churches in establishing community between the races.

This actual "chumminess" of the local congregation has invalidated the universal principle at the heart of the gospel. Particular brotherhood, ethnically based, has invalidated the universal brotherhood implicit in the Christian ethic.

Not only sports and the theater but also the trade unions have exceeded the achievements of the churches in the field of racial amity. The theater has offered scope for the display of the particular artistic gifts of the Negro race. Many trade unions, particularly in recent decades, have been able to transcend race distinctions in the recognition of common economic needs of the workers. Significantly, the industrial unions which organized the semiskilled workers were more creative than the old craft unions of the AFL, jealous of securities they associated with ethnic privileges. In every case, the contingencies of history in the craft or art were more potent in breaking down the walls of partition than the moral admonitions of the churches or the decrees of the law.

This generalization is subject to qualification in view of the exceptional achievement of the Catholic Church in breaking down the walls of partition. Catholicism has been much more rigorous and successful than the Protestant churches on the racial issue. Partly this success is due to the hierarchical structure of the Church, and the consequent ability of bishops and priests to set standards even in defiance of lay opinion Catholic schools have been desegregated even when the bishop found it necessary to threaten recalcitrant parents with excommunication

Democracy and Justice

If one compares the record of this "undemocratic" church with the "democratic" Protestant churches that have the most dismal history of sanctified racial prejudice, one must come to the conclusion that absolute democracy is not necessarily a resource of justice. It sacrifices leadership to lay prejudice, and obscures the continuing and broadly based will of the national community to assert the immediate and particular will of the local community. Many clergymen in the Protestant churches have been as right and as heroic as the Catholic priests. But the bishops have supported the priests while Protestant congregations have been free to dismiss their clergy when they were critical of the "Southern way of life."

The Catholic Church brings to issue the inclusive community of a sacramental rather than a chummy fellowship. The fellowship of the Protestant Church is always degenerating into a sanctified sense of kind, whether of race or class or neighborhood. The sacramental dimensions of the Catholic communion enlarge the communion of saints and conform it more nearly to the universal dimension intended in the gospel.

If one analyzes the contributions of Catholicism to racial amity, one must be struck by the similarity between its contribution and that of the Bill of Rights. In both cases, one secular and the other religious, one political and the other ecclesiastical, the norm is imposed from above upon a recalcitrant democracy. Perhaps this is just another proof that we must approach this vexing problem from above and from below, both by the authoritative affirmation of norms and by the gradual achievement of community through common interests and pressures.

THE CATHOLIC approach is from above if we measure the immediate resources of the people in a community, their fears and ambitions, their hatreds and their loves. It is from below if we count the religious institution as one of the cultural forces within the community that make it possible for the community to achieve the ideal which the Constitution has embodied into the basic law. Our Bill of Rights placed us in the same dilemma as the Children of Israel. We were committed to an ideal in principle that we were almost bound to contradict in practice. Fortunately, we did not absolutely contradict it. If there had been no moral vitality in our culture we would have continued in the evasion of the law initiated after the Civil War, when the vanquished were forced to give the slaves their freedom but could not long be forced to let them retain the vote which alone could provide political substance to that freedom. But the vitality of the national culture is finding ways of evading the evasion.

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Italy: Nenni And the Octopus

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

FROM THE TIME the Italian Republic was born in 1946, democrats here have been blaming all or most of their troubles on Pietro Nenni—the brilliant, eloquent, engaging, immensely popular Nenni whose Socialist following would have been more than enough to make democracy workable in Italy, had he chosen to align himself with the other democratic forces rather than with the Communists. The question of whether or not Nenni would break with the Communists has been answered at long last by Nenni himself. He will—if he can make it.

There have been considerable doubts whether he can break loose from Palmiro Togliatti, probably the most skillful Communist tactician on either side of the Iron Curtain. Now the Hungarians and the Poles have come to Nenni's rescue.

NENNI has been trying to fight free of the Communists at least since August 26, when he met secretly with Vice-Premier Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the pro-western Social Democrats, in the French mountain village of Pralognan. The meeting was brief and cordial. For the first time since Saragat walked out on Nenni's party in 1947, the two men met as friends, and after a few hours' talk, reached a simple two-point agreement: Both undertook to work for a merger of the Social Democrats (P.S.D.I.) and the Socialists (P.S.I.) on the understanding that "Italian foreign policy should remain within the framework of solidarity with the western democracies," and that "a unified Socialist Party will never form a government with the Communists."

The meeting had been arranged with such secrecy that a leading official of Nenni's party nearly choked at breakfast when he read the story in the authoritative *La Stampa* of Turin. The wife of another wired her husband in Prague COME HOME AT ONCE TERRIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING HERE, while the Communists showed such open signs of shock that Palmiro Togliatti complained publicly of their "theatrical nervousness" before retiring into thoughtful silence.

The Social Democrats, on the other hand, were in a state of euphoria. True, there were many difficulties still to overcome. After nine years of schism, both Socialist parties have hardened in their separate ways. The P.S.D.I. has become

a government party accustomed to compromise and patronage, with more than two-thirds of its membership coming from the lower middle class, while the P.S.I., with an eighty per cent wage-earner membership, has taken on the Communist imprint of doctrinaire opposition. The P.S.D.I. has its own trade union federation, the UIL, while the P.S.I. is entangled in the Communist CGIL. Above all, the P.S.D.I. is thoroughly western and anti-Communist in its thinking, whereas the P.S.I. is shot through with anti-western and pro-Communist prejudice.

Unreconstructed Revolutionist

Not even the most enthusiastic Social Democrats could maintain that Nenni had joined them all the way. What he had said at Pralognan, in effect, was that he would accept Italy's membership in the Atlantic Alliance and work from there for the relaxation of tension between East and West—or in other words, that he would work for a western-oriented but essentially neutralist third force.

As for the Communists, Nenni had promised only to exclude them as partners in government, a formula that by no means excluded their indirect influence or support. To be sure, he had hinted that the breach might be widened by what he called a "*politica delle cose*"—a policy determined by concrete issues. He envisaged plenty of issues on which the united Socialists and the Communists would part ways.

Nenni had admitted to reporters that his relations with the Communists were becoming "increasingly uncomfortable and cold"; he had ruled out any form of Popular Front, and he had assured Saragat that he regarded his unity pact with the Communists as a closed chapter. Saragat considered that enough; but many of his friends did not agree with him, and thought that Nenni was trying to lure the democratic Left into a Popular Front.

Yet there is no question that far from being a dogmatic, scientific Marxist, Nenni is, as he has been all his life, a nineteenth-century revolutionist. His distaste for Togliatti is so strong as to make him visibly uncomfortable in Togliatti's presence. His dislike of Communist methods goes back to the 1930's, when he described the Moscow purges as "the massacre of a whole generation," and "condemned and deplored" the Soviet-Nazi pact. There is hardly a politician here who hasn't heard his private complaints about the Communists' cynicism, their ruthlessness, their servility to the Kremlin. Nevertheless, he has collaborated with them closely and uninterruptedly for twenty-two years.

The Socialist Maverick

For this, Nenni and his party have been punished. His party has been expelled from the Socialist International. Once great and honored in Italy, it has been reduced by systematic Communist penetration to a satellite status. By keeping the P.S.I. in the Communist bloc, Nenni has exposed Italian democracy to the constant threat of a Communist victory by the ballot.

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Some Italians maintained that the Communists have been blackmailing Nenni into obedience with documents proving that once he took money from Mussolini. But Saragat has a different and quite plausible explanation. "There are two kinds of Socialists," he said in 1952, "those who put the accent on liberty and those who care most for the class struggle. Nenni is of the second kind. It is clear, therefore, that proletarian unity, however realized, remains for him the problem dominating all others. So there is no point in trying to scare Nenni with horror stories about the Communists' cutting off Socialist heads like so many asparagus tips. In only one circumstance would he break with them, and that is when he sees they no longer have the possibility of winning. And he would break then not because of opportunism but because the Communists' decline would induce him to seek new forms for the unification of the working class."

SARAGAT has been proved right. Now it has become clear the Communists cannot win in Italy and Nenni is acting accordingly. Already three or four years ago he started sensing that the postwar revolutionary tide in Italy, and maybe in Europe, was receding. But he didn't move until last June, after the State Department published the full text of Khrushchev's secret speech, and after the Communist-controlled CGIL had lost its majority in some key Italian factories.

In the May administrative elections here, when the Communists had not yet felt the full impact of Khrushchev's policy, they had dropped only 200,000 below their usual six million votes. But in the same elections, the Nenni Socialists rose from 3.4 million in 1953 to nearly four million, and nosed out the Communists in the great industrial center of Milan, while the Social Democrats went up from 1,164,000 to nearly two million. For the first time in ten years, the combined Socialist vote approached that of the Communists. Nenni could see which way the wind was blowing—and there were many other things for him to see.

That Speech Again

Publication of the Khrushchev speech was a stunning blow for the Italian Communists. Togliatti himself confessed that he found Stalin's record "morally repugnant," referred to a certain "degeneration" in the Soviet system, disowned Russia as a guide, and even suggested a "polycentric" relationship among Communist parties that a few months before would have been rank Titoist heresy. The fact that he was soon forced to retract almost all of this soon after saying it didn't calm the turmoil in his party. "My life has been wasted," said one functionary at national headquarters. "I can't believe in anything any more. It's too late for me to free my own mind. My only hope is that it isn't too late to free my son's."

It became plain at that time that the Communists had gone as far as they were likely to go. Italy could no longer be hypnotized by the slogan *"Ha da veni' Baffoni"*—"Big Mustaches Is Coming." For over a year, Soviet leaders had shown more interest in reaching a global agreement with the United States than in fostering Italian revolution, and there were good prospects of their once again leaving the Italian party stranded in the American sphere of influence, as they had done at Yalta in 1945.

Furthermore, Italy was overripe for a Socialist Party that combined Nenni's militancy with Saragat's concern for democracy. Such a party would be able both to check the Christian Democrats and work with them. Such a party might become strong enough to give Italy its first Socialist Prime Minister. Nenni, whose craving for that job has never been a secret, is already sixty-five.

Planning a Getaway

Those who talked with him in June, as I did, had little doubt that his plans were quickly maturing. "Saragat feels that being right is enough," he told me. "I have always felt that we can only move when the workers think we're right. They seem to think so today. I don't want to take advantage of the Communists' troubles, but the moment for Socialist initiative is now."

Nenni acted at the end of June. The Khrushchev speech, he wrote in one of his party's magazines, *Mondo Operaio,* had shown that Stalin's régime was "a long tyranny, marked by monstrous abuses and mass deportations." It was not enough to criticize Stalin, he said. "The criticism must be extended to the system that created him . . ."

Turning to the Italian scene, he pointed out that the Communists had been thinking in terms of the revolutionary seizure of power under Fascism and for ten years thereafter. "There is no longer any prospect of a revolution or a régime of the Soviet type," he said. "The road to socialism in Italy—and not just Italy —is a democratic struggle in every sense, bringing forward democratically those reforms which are mature in the conscience of the majority, evaluating the interests of the national collectivity, sticking to democracy while in the majority as well as while in opposition, ruling out violence. . . . These are the prerequisites for unity at present and in the future."

The Communists' *L'Unità* described this article as "the brief, sarcastic witticisms of a man who sees the dramatic events in Russia as an outsider," while Saragat held it the most important statement in Nenni's political career. A month later, Nenni quietly wrote two letters. One was to Saragat, suggesting the meeting at Pralognan. The other was to the French Socialists, asking help in bringing the meeting about. The French at once sent Pierre Commin, assistant secretary of the So-

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cialist International, to Rome. Saragat went to the mountains to think things over. By the end of August he had made up his mind.

Togliatti's Kiss of Death

Italians had generally assumed that Nenni personally held the key to Socialist independence. But within a week of the Pralognan meeting, he was fighting for his political life within his own party. In an all-night fight with his executive committee, he pleaded with the party leadership to face the facts. He was not asking for a break with the Communists, he argued. He was simply asking the P.S.I. to recognize that the Communists would be unacceptable in any Italian government for a long time; that if the working class were ever to get anywhere, the P.S.I. must be prepared to enter a government without them; that it must offer the minimum guarantee to make this possible. But he was forced to give ground. The executive committee's final resolution did no more than endorse the principle of unification with the P.S.D.I. It did not mention either solidarity with the West or abandonment of the P.S.I.-Communist alliance.

These declarations didn't alarm Togliatti. In fact, he himself had suggested them. The Communist leader, recovering quickly from his initial shock, realized that Nenni's defection would be the most striking evidence of Communist decline on the western side of the Iron Curtain. Therefore it had to be prevented by every possible means.

Once before, when Nenni was making overtures to the center parties after the 1953 elections, Togliatti had stopped him cold with resounding declarations of confidence in his undying loyalty. "I am always prepared," he told the press, "to go as far as Comrade Nenni goes—indeed one step further." Negotiations for Nenni's entrance into the government promptly ended.

This time Togliatti tried the same technique. Like Nenni he was wholeheartedly for Socialist unification. Not only did he favor it; he was anxious to help it along in every way—indeed to go one step further. Khrushchev had already instructed the CGIL to resign from the Cominform's World Federation of Trade

Unions; he, Togliatti, was ready to disband and support a single Italian federation independent of all political parties. Did Comrade Nenni think that a time for a change had come in Communist-Socialist relations? Togliatti could not agree with him more and was ready to discard the old unity pact. "I agree with Comrade Nenni that the value of the pact isn't in written documents, but in action," he said. He only asked, almost wistfully, that Nenni's new line should not take an anti-Communist turn. "We will work to see that this doesn't happen," he confidently concluded.

'They'll Never Change'

Saragat's Social Democrats, who know Togliatti well, were prepared to cope with his sweet reasonableness. But that the behavior of Nenni's P.S.I. faithfully reflected the Togliatti line—this they could hardly take. Throughout September, the communiqués issued almost daily from P.S.I. headquarters continued to support the idea of a unified Socialist Party, and continued to add conditions that Togliatti could not disapprove of. Nenni strove to allay the growing suspicion in Social Democratic circles. But he was gradually being maneuvered into the position of giving up his plan of joining the Social Democrats.

When I saw Nenni at the beginning of October, he was tired, depressed, and much franker than I had ever found him. Where he had spoken, in June, of the possibility that developments in Russia would bring some internal democracy to the Italian Communist Party, he now ruled that out: "They are just the same," he said, "and they'll never change." And where he had thought that they might accept, more or less gracefully, the idea that they could no longer dominate the Italian Left, he knew now that he had been wrong. The Communists, he said, were using two methods to impede unification. One was by "trying to smother us with well-publicized kindness." The other was by manipulating the P.S.I.'s organizational apparatus. "I do not so much fear the first method," he said. "They may try to match us point for point now, while our program is still vague. But this is just a device, and when we get down to cases, I doubt whether they can keep up with us.

"What I do fear," he continued, "is the Communist influence in our ranks. It is a very great influence, and I am personally responsible for a good deal of it, especially among our younger members who are fighting me so hard now. It was from me that they learned to think of the Social Democrats as shy, wavering souls and to admire the energetic determination of the Communists. I am sure that what I want to do is right. A change must be made—must absolutely be made—if the Italian working class is ever to come to power. My party's frame of mind puts me on the spot. But there is no way out. I must compromise, be patient, wait as long as need be. I know how dangerous this is—the slightest false step might blow everything up. If I carry just two-thirds of the party leadership with me now, what would that mean? No, I have to carry the whole party."

The day after this interview, the central committee of Nenni's P.S.I. voted to sign a new pact with the Communists. If he had thought that even two-thirds of the leadership was with him, he was sadly mistaken. Thirty-three members of the central committee spoke against him, and only one took his side. He was thereupon presented with an ultimatum: Go along with the resolution or resign. He went along. Togliatti was waiting for him at Communist headquarters the next day with the text of the new pact. Nenni made what changes he could and signed.

There is no mystery about how this had come about. The Communists have had access to the P.S.I. machinery since the liberation. On returning from exile in Paris, Nenni had not a shred of party machinery.

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Togliatti, returning from Moscow, soon saw to it that a Socialist party machinery was brought into existence. He provided money, headquarters, organizers, and all the members he could spare from his own Communist Party. In exchange, he got a unity pact providing for juntas which, at the local, provincial, and national levels, could coordinate policy on everything from the choice of electoral candidates to trade-union, political, and economic policy. While that pact has since fallen into disuse, the Communist practice of supporting and succoring the P.S.I. apparatus has not.

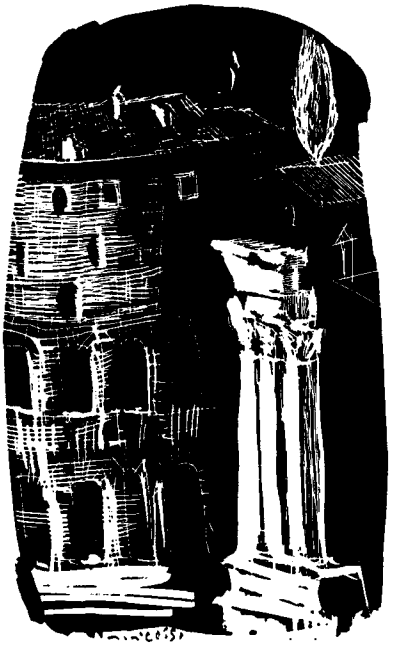
The new pact was undeniably much weaker than the old. It provided only for "consultations" at the provincial and national levels on all matters of interest to the working class. Since Socialist unification was one of these matters, however, it made the Communists ex officio partners in the negotiations.

The Faithful to the Rescue

"I will put up with any provocation as long as I can trust you," Saragat had told Nenni at Pralognan. But neither Saragat nor any other Social Democratic leader could put up with this new P.S.I.-Communist alliance. The Social Democrats, who had been preparing to leave the government to speed unification along, immediately reaffirmed their loyalty to the old four-party coalition, and called on "all those who believe in the ideals of democratic socialism to draw together around the P.S.D.I." The left-wingers in the Christian Democratic Party, who had been planning to press for an "opening to the left," dropped their plans. The Socialist International, which had begun negotiations to readmit Nenni's party, abruptly broke them off. "Nenni's efforts to draw the P.S.I. toward democracy have ended in defeat and humiliation," said its British president, Morgan Phillips. "The crypto-Communists have won."

Nenni seemed to think so too. Amid rumors that he was about to resign, he withdrew to his modest villa in Formia, on the seacoast, where he played with his grandchildren and received no one; and for the first time in many years, his Sunday column in *Avanti!* failed to appear. Two days later, however, he wrote a letter to *Avanti!* making it clear that he intended to carry the fight to his rank and file. "In order to keep faith with the millions of workers and other citizens who are looking for a way out of an intolerable situation," he said, "it is necessary to re-examine the problem of Socialist unification in all its complexity, and without any further equivocation." That re-examination, he concluded, would take place at the P.S.I.'s national convention in January.

During the following week, letters poured into P.S.I. headquarters. They came from thousands of workers in every section of the country, from people who believed that the time for Socialist unity and independence had come. Nenni had counted on the party faithful. The Social Democrats regained some confidence and the executive committee of Nenni's party went into reverse. From a position of flat hostility it veered toward conciliation. It almost, if not quite, renounced its new pact with the Communists by saying that the pact could in no way be



binding when and if a unified Socialist Party came into being.

In mid-October the P.S.I. invited the P.S.D.I. to form a permanent joint negotiating committee for unification. Saragat accepted. He did so only on condition that the P.S.I. would renounce its Communist pact entirely at its convention, and only after much hesitation, after his own rank and file had put great pressure on him, and after the President of the Republic, Giovanni Gronchi, had intervened. But he accepted.

Thanks to Budapest

The Polish revolt and the Hungarian revolution provided Nenni with the the opportunity to disagree with the Communists.

An editorial in *Avanti!* October 25, signed by Tullio Vecchietti, one of the most rabid pro-Communists in the P.S.I., said: "The Soviet intervention can only aggravate the already difficult relations between Russia and Hungary, and exasperate people who, twelve years after the end of the war, want full independence."

Nenni wrote: "This is a great battle between workers and students who want political democracy and the old Communist clique, which, to its other errors and crimes, has added the unforgivable one of calling in Soviet troops. Similar tragedies are in the making all over eastern Europe. What we can do to help the Hungarian workers is to help them crush the dictatorship and establish an authentic democracy and liberty, help them free mankind from the slavery of hunger, help them establish relations of autonomy and national independence with Russia, help them succeed in bringing about the withdrawal of Russian troops from their soil." *L'Unità* called this article "grave," and said it was a "radical change of position."

It is clear by now that Saragat and Nenni between them have started something that not even Togliatti's guile or the American Embassy's cabals can stop.

Most sensible Italians have given up by now the Nenni guessing game fashionable here for nearly ten years. There is not much sense now in psychoanalyzing Nenni, in asking: "Is he in good faith?" "Can he be trusted?" "Or isn't he just an opportunist?" The prevailing opinion now is that Nenni may well be an opportunist, for all one can know about another man's nature and inner motives. But certainly Nenni is no fool, and there is no doubt now where his opportunity lies.

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The Chained God Of Katmandu

ARTHUR BONNER

BACK in the fourteenth century, so the story goes, when Moslem hordes were scourging northern India, the black-faced, many-armed god Mahakal flew away to seek the sanctuary of Mount Kailas, paradise of the god Siva in the remote Himalayas. As he passed over the valley of Katmandu in Nepal he was seen by priests who begged him to settle with them. Mahakal was determined to go on. The priests were equally determined, and by the power of their prayers they forced the god to earth and installed him in a temple in the center of Katmandu. As an added precaution they bound him with chains.

"Mahakal means 'Great Time.'" I was told by a cynic on the steps of the temple, "and that is why Nepal is backward; time is in chains and does not move."

If you like to believe in the inherent goodness of humankind, especially of humans nurtured on the traditions of democracy, it would be comforting to agree with him. But the cause of Nepal's backwardness is not supernatural. It is the result of a calculated policy of the British Empire.

The Kingdom of Nepal was founded by descendants of Rajputs who escaped Ala-ad-din's sack of Chittor at the turn of the fourteenth century—the bones of fact behind mythology. King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, whose coronation last May 2 marked a new phase in Nepal's history, is the ninth in descent from Prithvi Narayan Shah, who consolidated the kingdom in 1742. Seventy-four years later Nepal was defeated by the British and reduced to the status of a native state.

By tradition all Nepalese kings had two wives. Given the nature of women of any creed or nation, this was a tradition fraught with trouble. In 1846 a second wife conspired to kill the crown prince, the son of wife No. 1. Amid the resulting intrigues a man named Jung Bahadur Rana, who controlled part of the army, played one clique against the other and eventually arranged for almost all members of the court to be assembled in the palace courtyard one midnight, where at a given signal his henchmen massacred the lot. This is the *Kotparva*, "the memorable event of the courtyard." As one chronicler describes it, "A river of blood flowed through the gate of the palace into the adjoining drainage."

The Rule of the Ranas

Jung Bahadur capped his triumph by getting himself declared hereditary Prime Minister with the title of Maharaja, thus beginning the fantastic rule of the Ranas. He gained official British approval and

toured Europe in 1850, the first ruler of a native state to exhibit himself abroad.

To satisfy his seven brothers who helped him seize power, Jung Bahadur made the line of heredity descend through the next eldest male in the entire family rather than from father to son. What with plural marriages and a host of concubines, this could have led to a genealogical nightmare, but he simplified it by grading Ranas into three categories.

Class A Ranas were those born legally to wives of the same caste. Class B Ranas were those born legitimately of unequal-caste marriages, but there were not many of these because the Ranas were very orthodox. Class C Ranas were those born illegitimately, and this was by far the largest category, since the Ranas, although orthodox, were voluptuous.

Some people have written that every Rana, of whatever category, was born a general. This apparently is not quite correct; a Rana could be born a mere lieutenant colonel. Indeed, one Rana is said to have committed suicide out of sheer frustration when he reached his teens and still had not been given the rank of general.

Each Rana considered himself born to be a millionaire and plotted and fussed until he could get a share of the plunder of the nation. Nepal was thought of as a private estate. The major share went to the Class A Ranas, especially the Prime Minister. Next in line was the commander in chief and next to him the senior commanding general—with so many generals it was necessary to have extra titles at the top—and so on down the line.

Every position had hereditary estates attached to it, and there were other forms of income too. It is said that the commander in chief, who was allowed to keep money that was not spent because of vacancies in the army, always saw to it that posts were not filled. The senior commanding general was also allowed to keep fines imposed for absence from work and hence was a rigorous disciplinarian.

THE COMMON PEOPLE existed to work hard and render homage. Whenever a Rana moved, the people were expected to bow low—it was almost seditious for them to look a Rana directly in the face. No Rana ever walked more than a few steps and no commoner was allowed to ride, even in a rickshaw or a palkee, a basketlike affair carried by coolies. When automobiles were introduced—they were carried across the moun-

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tains in parts by hundreds of coolies and then reassembled, since Katmandu had no road connection with India—only Ranas rode in them, and the people were expected to bow at the very sight of a car.

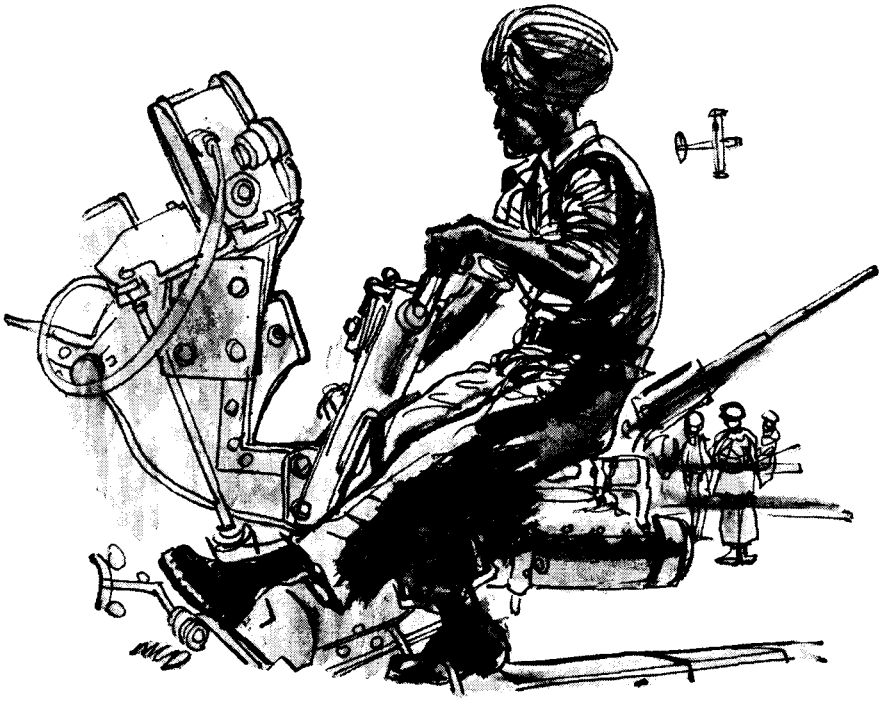
Artists painted huge, insipid portraits of Ranas wearing gaudy red uniforms, their chests covered with self-bestowed medals and their heads topped by gorgeous plumed hats. Bronze statues, mass-produced in England, were set up along the Thundi Khel, the vast parade ground in Katmandu, depicting Rana Prime Ministers astride fierce chargers and holding swords in their outstretched arms as if leading their armies into battle.

Gurkhas for Export

Pampered and posturing, none of the Ranas ever fought a real battle in his life excepting perhaps Jung Bahadur, who led a Nepalese contingent to help the British suppress the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. For the most part the only people they killed were a few of their relatives and a host of poor Nepalis who dared oppose them.

When maharajas of native states in India got out of hand they were deposed often enough. But Nepal served a special purpose for the British, and suffered accordingly. As a buffer state it helped insulate the subcontinent from influences from the north, and the more backward it remained the better it served its purpose. It also was the breeding ground of Gurkha mercenaries.

Nepal supplied twenty battalions of troops to the Indian Army. During the First World War, when British and Indian soldiers were sent to Europe and the Middle East, India was garrisoned almost entirely by Gurkhas. No one will dispute the bravery and loyalty of the Gurkhas; but raised in ignorance, enlisting out of sheer poverty, what else could they know except to follow orders and die at the proper moment? What would happen to the families of Gurkha soldiers, back home under the Ranas, if their fathers or sons dared disobey orders? The export of Gurkhas was the Ranas' main source of foreign exchange, and the Ranas could be trusted to ensure the quality of their goods because their luxuries depended on it. But the Ranas never used Gurkha soldiers themselves. Perhaps they were never quite at ease with them: The Gurkhas knew how to fight.



A Formula for Kings

The Ranas' way of dealing with the kings of Nepal was as simple as it was insidious. They called the king Maharajadhiraj, "Great King of Kings," compared to the Prime Minister's simple title of Maharaja, "King of Kings." They also did their best to turn the king into an imbecile. He was seldom allowed to leave his palace, and he depended on tutors supplied by the Ranas for his education, which meant they could keep him as ignorant as they pleased.

Jung Bahadur put a boy on the throne soon after seizing power, and it was always the policy to have the kings die as quickly as possible so that the next king would be young and amenable to suggestions. A young king or crown prince was deliberately introduced to whisky and women as soon as he reached puberty.

When the late King Tribhubana was crowned in 1913 he was only six years old. Since tradition made it mandatory for a king to have two wives to participate in the coronation ceremonies, Tribhubana was married to two little girls. The present king, Mahendra, was born when his father was thirteen years old. After the Ranas were overthrown, Tribhubana went to Switzerland for medical care; although he was still in his forties, his health was badly undermined by early excesses and he died there. The joke is told that air reservations were made for "one king, two queens, three concubines, and two doctors." The joke rings hollow.

In 1923 Britain granted a new treaty recognizing Nepal's internal and external independence, but it is difficult to think of this as anything more than a maneuver to isolate Nepal from the independence movement that was building in India. The only external relations Nepal had were with Delhi; it did not even send a representative to London until eleven years later.

During the Second World War the Ranas began to lose their grip. The Praja Parishad Party managed to establish an underground movement in Katmandu and circulated anti-Rana leaflets. Four of its men were executed in 1940 and their bodies were publicly exposed. Tanka Prasad Acharya, the Praja Parishad leader who is now Prime Minister, was arrested and would have shared the fate of his comrades except for the religious orthodoxy of the Ranas: Tanka Prasad is a Brahman, and the law, following ancient usage, forbids

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the killing of Brahmans. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and was released ten years later when the Ranas were deposed.

The British left the subcontinent in 1947. India, as a newly independent nation, was eager to recognize the freedom of Nepal; it established a full embassy in Katmandu within a few months. The Indians, however, had no great liking for the Ranas, whom they thought of as puppets of British colonialism. The Indians also feared that as long as the Ranas were in control, there was a possibility of a Communist coup. With the British gone it was no longer possible to isolate the country from revolutionary agitators and literature. The threat was real. The Communists had already begun insurrections in Malaya, Indo-China, Burma, and the Telengana district of Hyderabad in India.

The Nepali National Congress, formed as an instrument of India's policies, was practically a wing of the Indian National Congress. The Indian Embassy in Katmandu became the link between revolutionary forces in Nepal and exiles in India, diplomatic niceties notwithstanding.

A Little Red Idol . . .

In October, 1950, the Chinese Communists attacked at six places along the Tibetan frontier. Nehru protested, but actually there was little he could do; he was more worried about saving Nepal. Two months later, King Tribhubana fled to New Delhi, with the obvious consent and assistance of the Indian government. The Ranas, still living in their own dream world, tried one last maneuver; they installed a three-year-old grandson of Tribhubana as king. They held on for two more months and India's fears of a Communist coup were shown to be fully justified.

Kunwar Inder Singh, popularly known as K. I. Singh, led an uprising in nine western districts. At first he operated in league with the Nepali National Congress, which also staged a few mock skirmishes in the Terai region. India wanted to avoid disorder and the Nepali Congress obediently agreed to a cease-fire. K. I. Singh, however, ignored it and went right on fighting.

The Indian Army entered Nepal, arrested him, and sent him to a jail in Katmandu. At midnight about a month later—many things seem to happen at midnight in Nepal—persons as yet unidentified let him loose. He quickly seized control of the city and held it for a few days. But when the opposition became too strong he fled to Tibet and on to Peking.

Finally, in February, 1951, the Ranas saw the light; they agreed to accept King Tribhubana's return and to hold elections for a constituent assembly within a year; after 104 years Rana rule was at an end.

THE GULF between autocracy and democracy is too wide to cross in a single jump. During the last five years Nepal has tried to find a way to bridge the chasm. It is still trying. Political parties sprang up like mushrooms in a cellar as would-be politicians scrambled for power. Some of them began acting like Ranas themselves.

There were four governments in four years. Famine broke out in eastern Nepal and the value of the Nepalese rupee nose-dived. The Communists, although technically outlawed, merely changed their name and sprouted various front groups and began to entrench themselves among landless farmers and student groups.

Tribhubana died in February, 1955, and was succeeded by his son Mahendra. A few months later, announcing that he would not allow the nation to be destroyed in the name of democracy or allow democracy to destroy itself, Mahendra threw the politicians out of office, dissolved the Advisory Assembly, and assumed direct control. The elections promised for 1952-1953 had still not taken place; they are presently scheduled for October, 1957.

King Mahendra

Mahendra is a slim, quiet, intent man of thirty-six. Much to the dismay of the priests who conducted his coronation, he has only one wife. He wears the simple white jodhpurs and wrap-around blouse worn by ordinary Nepalis, as well as the lopsided cotton hat that was the badge of the common man, as distinct from the black pillbox hats of the Ranas. Many stories are told of his kindness and eagerness to learn. While on a visit to India last year he insisted that his aides take detailed notes on factories, dams, and community projects.

He toured eastern Nepal and was scheduled to attend a reception organized by local landlords. A group of students asked the officials in charge to request the king to open a new hostel they had built themselves. The officials refused. When the king arrived, the students, standing off to one side, began to shout. The king asked what it was about, and when he was told he immediately went off to join the students and canceled the meeting with the landlords.

On another tour he bounced along all day in a jeep over rough roads. Toward sunset he reached the scheduled halting place and there learned that a group of villagers back along the route were disappointed because the king had not driven over a three-mile stretch of side road they had built with voluntary labor. He immediately turned the convoy around and went off to see the road.

THERE WAS direct rule for eleven months, until March of this year, when the king appointed Tanka Prasad as Prime Minister. During direct rule Mahendra granted a code of civil rights, the first in Nepalese history, and enacted laws to reform the police and define their duties—another first for Nepal. He established a commission to reform the judiciary, outlined a thirteen-point land-reform program, and made an attempt to fix pay scales for government officials and to weed out corrupt and inefficient officers. He also promulgated a $45-million Five-Year Plan.

All this still exists mainly on paper; it is unreasonable to expect quick changes. Nepal is a country where the code of justice was based on the assumption that everything that is not allowed is prohibited, and where the accused has to prove his innocence. It is a country where it is said that a district officer was paid thirty rupees a month but generally managed to retire after his three-year term of office with thousands of rupees and three wives.

It has the highest mountains and

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the deepest poverty, even by Indian standards. Thousands of men migrate from the mountains to the plains of India every winter to search for work and return home months later with only a few rupees saved from their living expenses. But at least they are not a burden on the limited winter food supplies available to their families, and in Nepal this is accounted a great advantage.

There is only five per cent literacy and there are less than 300 miles of motorable roads in a country 500 miles long and about 130 miles broad. Most of the roads are in the flat Terai region and the Katmandu Valley. If you want to go from northwestern to northeastern Nepal it is easier to go due south into India, take a train eastward to the approximate point, and then walk due north to your objective than it is to travel in a straight line.

The regions along the Tibetan border are especially inaccessible. Late in 1954 the government moved its customs post for the northwestern district of Mustang from a point five days march south of the border to a point barely a day's march away. It wanted to cut down on smuggling and to levy a tax on yaks which Tibetans brought down to graze in Nepalese territory during the winter. The Tibetan chiefs, not used to the exercise of Nepal's sovereignty, staged a series of border raids. Nepal had to send troops to the area about six months ago to restore order. This trouble caused a good deal of newspaper comment: It was interpreted as a serious conflict between Nepal and Tibet. The Nepalese themselves, however, did not get excited.

Nehru Speaks Bluntly

In 1950, when the Reds were invading Tibet, and India was helping to unseat the Ranas, Pandit Nehru enunciated a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Nepal. Speaking before the Indian Parliament, he said bluntly that India considered the Himalayas, along the northern border of Nepal, as India's natural defense frontier and that he would not permit this frontier to be crossed or weakened in any way. Nehru reemphasized this point when he visited Red China in 1954. He returned home with the firm belief that the Chinese would not interfere in Nepal.

As a token of faith, the Communists put an end to the anti-Indian and anti-Nepalese broadcasts of K. I. Singh, who was then still in China. He has since returned home and has proclaimed his loyalty to the king and his friendship for India. The Communist Party has been legalized—out in the open it is easier to control.

Diplomatic relations have been established with Red China. In October Prime Minister Tanka Prasad

returned from Peking, having obtained a $12-million grant. All this shows that the Nepalese and their Indian advisers do not fear the Communists.

In the context of politics in Asia, it seems doubtful that the Chinese will interfere in Nepal's internal affairs. India is the pivot of the Communists' new policies in Asia. As long as they keep India neutral they have free rein to undermine western prestige and to counter western military alignments. The Communists know that if they interfered in Nepal, they would end any influence they could hope to have on India.

India does not feel any immediate threat, but it knows there is a potential danger. The Chinese reportedly have upwards of a hundred thousand troops in Tibet, and they have constructed a series of roads linking trading centers in southern Tibet.

A Neutral Outneutralized

Unfortunately for India, the Nepalese are jealous of their new freedom: India cannot just walk in and build roads with forced labor. It is, however, trying to do what it can. It has lent officers to train Nepal's army; it is constructing airfields and has given military engineers to construct the first all-weather road in Nepal's history from the Indian frontier to Katmandu. It has supplied governmental experts to tone up Nepal's administration. It has even offered to underwrite about half of Nepal's first Five-Year Plan, offering money that India badly needs at home.

Ironically, this aid has redounded against India in the same way that American aid to India has redounded against the United States. Many Nepalese fear that Indian aid is a part of Indian attempts to subvert Nepalese independence.

Nepal's admission to the United Nations was received in Katmandu almost as a declaration of independence from India. During the coronation the U.N. flag was given pride of place next to Nepal's, while the Indian flag was placed far down the line. Nepal is now demanding a revision of its trade treaty with India; it wants more direct trade with other nations. In short, it is following a policy of neutralism—and India, the original proponent of neutralism in Asia, is on the losing end.

KING MAHENDRA, the incarnation of Vishnu, proclaims socialism as his goal; roads are coming; tourists bargain with temple priests for ancient horns and take photographs of temple statuary groups which they hope to smuggle through the customs back home. But still the Buddhas sit serene by the steep steps leading up to Swayambhunath, and the huge painted eyes on the stupa tower stare out across the valley. Glancing sideways to see if anyone objects, you give the prayer wheels a spin and the words written on the bits of paper inside mount to the skies—"Hail the Jewel in the Lotus." It is a wrench to board the plane and go back to India.

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The Time of Going Away

A Short Story

RAY BRADBURY

THE THOUGHT was three days and three nights growing. During the days he carried it like a ripening peach in his head. During the nights he let it take flesh and sustenance, hung out on the silent air, colored by country moon and country stars. He walked around and around the thought in the silence before dawn. On the fourth morning he reached up an invisible hand, picked it, and swallowed it whole.

He arose as swiftly as possible and burned all his old letters, packed a few clothes in a very small case, and put on his midnight suit and a tie the shiny color of ravens' feathers, as if he were in mourning. He sensed his wife in the door behind him watching his little play with the eyes of a critic who may leap onstage any moment and stop the show. When he brushed past her, he murmured, "Excuse me."

"Excuse me!" she cried. "Is that all you say? Creeping around here, planning a trip!"

"I didn't plan it; it happened," he said. "Three days ago I got this premonition. I knew I was going to die."

"Stop that kind of talk," she said. "It makes me nervous!"

The horizon was mirrored softly in his eyes. "I hear my blood running slow. Listening to my bones is like standing in an attic hearing the beams shift and the dust settle."

"You're only seventy-five," said his wife. "You stand on your own two legs, see, hear, eat, and sleep good, don't you? What's all this talk?"

"It's the natural tongue of existence speaking to me," said the old man. "Civilization's got us too far away from our natural selves. Now you take the pagan islanders—"

"I won't!"

"Everyone knows the pagan islanders got a feel for when it's time to die. They walk around shaking hands with friends and give away all their earthly goods—"

"Don't their wives have a say?"

"They give some of their earthly goods to their wives."

"I should think so!"

"And some to their friends—"

"I'll argue that!"

"And some to their friends. Then they paddle their canoes off into the sunset and never return."

HIS WIFE looked high up along him as if he were timber ripe for cutting. "Desertion!" she said.

"No, no, Mildred; death, pure and simple. The Time of Going Away, they call it."

"Did anyone ever charter a canoe and follow to see what those fools were up to?"

"Of course not," said the old man, mildly irritated. "That would spoil everything."

"You mean they had other wives and pretty friends off on another island?"

"No, no, it's just a man needs aloneness, serenity, when his juices turn cold."

"If you could prove those fools really died, I'd shut up." His wife squinted one eye. "Anyone ever *find* their bones on those far islands?"

"The fact is that they just sail on into the sunset like animals who sense the Great Time at hand. Beyond that, I don't wish to know."

"Well, *I* know," said the old woman. "You been reading more articles in the *National Geographic* about the Elephants' Boneyard."

"Graveyard, not Boneyard!" he shouted.

"Graveyard, Boneyard. I thought I burnt those magazines; you got some hid?"

"Look here, Mildred," he said severely, seizing the suitcase again. "My mind points north; nothing you say can head me south. I'm tuned to the infinite secret wellsprings of the primitive soul."

"You're tuned to whatever you read last in that bog-trotters' gazette!" She pointed a finger at him. "You think I got no memory?"

His shoulders fell. "Let's not go through the list again, please."

"What about the Hairy Mammoth episode?" she asked. "When they found that frozen elephant in the Russian tundra thirty years back? You and Sam Hertz, that old fool, with your fine idea of running off to Siberia to corner the world market in canned edible hairy mammoth? You think I don't still hear you saying, 'Imagine the prices members of the National Geographic Society will pay to have the tender meat of the Siberian hairy mammoth, ten thousand years old, ten thousand years extinct, right in their homes!' You think my scars have healed from that?"

"I see them clearly," he said.

"You think I've forgotten the time you went out to find the Lost Tribe of the Osseos, or whatever, in Wisconsin some place where you could dogtrot to town Saturday nights and tank up, and fell in that quarry and broke your leg and laid there three nights?"

"Your recall," he said, "is total."

"Then what's this about pagan natives and the Time of Going Away? I'll tell you what it is—it's the Time of Staying at Home! It's the time when fruit don't fall off the trees into your hand, you got to walk to the store for it. And why do we *walk* to the store? Someone in this house, I'll name no names, took the car apart like a clock some years back, and left it strewn all down the yard. I've raised auto parts in my garden ten years come Thursday. Ten more years and all that's left of our car is little heaps of rust. Look out that window! It's leaf-raking-and-burning time. It's chopping-trees-and-sawing-wood-for-the-fire time. It's clean-out-stoves-and-hang-storm-doors-and-windows time. It's shingle-the-roof time, *that's* what it is, and if you think you're out to escape it, think again!"

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He placed his hand to his chest. "It pains me you have so little trust in my natural sensitivity to oncoming Doom."

"It pains *me* that *National Geographics* fall in the hands of crazy old men. I see you read those pages, then fall into those dreams I always have to sweep up after. Those *Geographic* and *Popular Mechanics* publishers should be forced to see all the half-finished rowboats, helicopters, and one-man batwing gliders in our attic, garage, and cellar. Not only see, but cart them home!"

"Chatter on," he said. "I stand before you, a white stone sinking in the tides of Oblivion. For God's sake, woman, can't I drag myself off to die in peace?"

"Plenty of time for Oblivion when I find you stone cold across the kindling pile."

"Jesting Pilate!" he said. "Is recognition of one's own mortality nothing but vanity?"

"You're chewing it like a plug of tobacco."

"Enough!' he said. "My earthly goods are stacked on the back porch. Give them to the Salvation Army."

"The *Geographics* too?"

"Yes, damn it, the *Geographics!* Now stand aside!"

"If you're going to die, you won't need that suitcase full of clothing," she said.

"Hands off, woman! It may take some few hours. Am I to be stripped of my last creature comforts? This should be a tender scene of parting. Instead—bitter recriminations, sarcasm, doubt strewn to every wind."

"All right," she said. "Go spend a cold night in the woods."

"I'm not necessarily going to the woods."

"Where else is there for a man in Illinois to go to die?"

"Well," he said and paused. "Well, there's always the open highway—"

"And be run down, of course; I'd forgotten that."

"No, no!" He squeezed his eyes shut, then opened them again. "The empty side roads leading nowhere, everywhere, through night forests, wilderness, to distant lakes . . . "

"Now, you're not going to go rent a canoe, are you, and paddle off? Remember the time you tipped over and almost drowned at Fireman's Pier?"

"Who said anything about canoes?"

"You did! Pagan islanders, you said, paddling off into the great unknown."

"That's the South Seas! Here a man has to strike off on foot to find his natural sources, seek his natural end. I might walk north along the Lake Michigan shore, the dunes, the wind, the big breakers there."

"Willie, Willie," she said softly, shaking her head. "Oh, Willie, Willie, what will I do with you?"

He lowered his voice. "Just let me have my head," he said.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "Yes." And tears came to her eyes.

"Now, now," he said.

"Oh, Willie . . ." She looked a long while at him. "Do you really think with all your heart you're not going to live?"

He saw himself reflected, small but perfect, in her eye, and looked away uneasily. "I thought all night about the universal tide that brings man in and takes him out. Now it's morning and good-by."

"Good-by?" She looked as if she'd never heard the word before.

His voice was unsteady. "Of course if you absolutely insist I stay, Mildred—"

"No!" She braced herself and blew her nose. "You feel what you feel; I can't fight that!"

"You *sure?*" he said.

"You're the one that's sure, Willie," she said. "Get on along now. Take your heavy coat; the nights are cold."

"But—" he said.

She ran and brought his coat and kissed his cheek and drew back quickly before he could enclose her in his bear hug. He stood there working his mouth, gazing at the big armchair by the fire. She threw open the front door. "You got food?"

"I won't need. . ." He paused. "I got a boiled-ham sandwich and some pickles in my case. Just one. That's all I figured I'd . . ."

And then he was out the door and down the steps and along the path toward the woods. He turned and was going to say something but thought better of it, waved, and went on.

"Now, Will," she called. "Don't overdo. Don't make too much distance the first hour! You get tired, sit down! You get hungry, eat! And . . ."

But here she had to stop and turn away and get out her handkerchief.

A moment later, she looked up the path and it looked as though nobody had passed there in the last ten thousand years. It was so empty she had to go in and shut the door.

Nighttime, nine o'clock, nine-fifteen, stars out, moon round, house lights strawberry colored through the curtains, the chimney blowing long comet tails of fireworks, sighing warm. Down the chimney, sounds of pots and pans and cutlery, fire on the hearth like a great orange cat. In the kitchen, the big iron cookstove full of jumping flame, pans boiling, bubbling, frying, vapors and steams in the air. From time to time the old woman turned and her eyes listened and her mouth listened, wide, to the world outside this house, this fire, and this food.

Nine-thirty and, from a great distance away from the house, a solid whacking, chunking sound.

The old woman straightened up and laid down a spoon.

Outside, the dull solid blows came again and again in the moonlight. The sound went on for three or four minutes during which she hardly moved, except to tighten her mouth or her fists with each solid chunking

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blow. When the sounds stopped, she threw herself at the stove, the table, stirring, pouring, lifting, carrying, setting down.

She finished just as new sounds came from the dark land outside the windows. Footsteps came slowly up the path; heavy shoes weighed the front porch.

She went to the door and waited for a knock.

None came.

She waited a full minute.

Outside on the porch a great bulk stirred and shifted from side to side uneasily.

Finally she sighed and called sharply at the door, "Will, is that you breathing out there?"

No answer. Only a kind of sheepish silence behind the door.

She snatched the door wide.

The old man stood there, an incredible stack of cordwood in his arms. His voice came from behind the stack.

"Saw smoke in the chimney; figured you might need wood," he said.

She stood aside. He came in and placed the wood carefully by the hearth, not looking at her.

She looked out on the porch and picked up the suitcase and brought it in and shut the door.

She saw him sitting at the dinner table.

She stirred the soup on the stove to a great boiling whirl.

"Roast beef in the oven?" he asked quietly.

She opened the oven door. The steam breathed across the room to wrap him up. He closed his eyes, seated there, bathed.

"What's that other smell, that burning?" he asked a moment later.

She waited, back turned, and finally said, *"National Geographics."*

He nodded slowly, saying nothing.

Then the food was on the table, warm and tremorous, and there was a moment of silence after she sat down and looked at him. She shook her head. She looked at him. Then she shook her head again silently.

"Do you want to ask the blessing?" she said.

"You," he said.

They sat there in the warm room by the bright fire and bowed their heads and closed their eyes. She smiled and began.

"Thank you, Lord . . . "

American Best-Sellers In Soviet Bookstores

DEMING BROWN

As I was walking down Moscow's busy Arbat Street a few months ago, I came upon a knot of Russians jammed together at a corner in what looked like a street fight or a dispute over a head-on collision. Working my way into the crowd, I saw in the center nothing more dramatic than a tiny table covered with books and nothing more violent than the flutter of paper rubles. Six works were on sale: five of them Russian and one a thick volume of the translated stories of O. Henry. As the O. Henry stack shrank, the white-kerchiefed saleswoman replenished it from a crate at her feet. Within five minutes she sold more than a dozen copies, and a few minutes after that the crate was empty.

Street vendors working on commission for the overcrowded bookstores are nearly as common as ice-cream stands in Moscow. For Russia today is a nation of readers, and book production, although immensely increased since the Second World War, has not begun to satisfy their demands.

Scrambling for O. Henry, the people on the Arbat were competing for a favorite of long standing. Over the years since the Revolution, they have been exposed to American works in great quantities. Recently the liberalization of Soviet cultural policy has made possible a greater variety. And Russians, who will read any good book they can lay their hands on, are obviously delighted.

Mr. Hemingway Rides Again

The work they talk about most is *The Old Man and the Sea.* When they are told that many American critics consider this story somewhat inferior to the best of Hemingway, some Russians reply that its message of rugged courage and quiet, dogged heroism holds something special for the Soviet reader. Others find a simpler explanation of its popularity: This is the first Russian translation of Hemingway in seventeen years.

Why has this writer, who was tremendously popular in the Soviet Union in the 1930's, been neglected for so long? One answer, which sounds evasive, is that Soviet presses, working overtime to restore the supply of Russian classics destroyed by the war, have had to bypass much recent foreign literature. (The shortage did not, however, prevent their publishing the works of Howard Fast.) A second reason—and a more plausible one—is that Hemingway himself has written little of late, only two novels over a period of fifteen years. The first of these, *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* because of its treatment of Communists in the Spanish Civil War, is a "slander on many things which the Soviet people hold dear." And they argue that the second, *Across the River and Into the Trees,* is patently poor stuff. In their frankest moods, the Russians admit that Hemingway was put under wraps because of the cold war.

This summer most Russians talked of the cold war as if it were a thing of the past. Once more Soviet literary critics, some of them acutely sensitive to the world of Hemingway's imagination, are writing about him. And next year, along with separate printings of individual novels, an omnibus volume containing most of his novels and many of his short stories will appear in a big edition.

A Door Opens for Mr. Faulkner

The case of William Faulkner is somewhat different but equally revealing. Until this year, only two of his stories had appeared in Russian print: an anthology piece in 1934 and a magazine item in 1935. Both have long been forgotten, and for twenty years Soviet critics have stigmatized Faulkner, on those rare occasions when they bothered to mention him at all, as a decadent writer, strongly influenced by "reactionary ideas," who displayed an unhealthy

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interest in degeneracy. Even a year ago it seemed that he was destined for permanent oblivion in the Soviet Union.

Last December, however, the recently founded magazine *Inostrannaya* (Foreign) *Literatura* printed an article on Faulkner by a critic who found a strain in him of which Soviet readers could heartily approve. This was his anti-militarism. A month later the story "Victory" was translated in the same magazine, and the door was ajar. On a visit through the carefully tended stacks of the huge Saltykov-Shchedrin public library in Leningrad, I learned that it has had a supply of each of Faulkner's books in English for quite some time. An enthusiastic librarian told me that more have been ordered to meet a rising demand. And a volume of Faulkner's translated stories is in preparation.

TALKING with dozens of young Russians in and around Leningrad, Kiev, and Moscow, I did not meet a single one who was not acquainted with the works of Theodore Dreiser. Some of them said they had read all of his books, a claim that I, who have only read some of them, was unable to test. But I am inclined to believe them. The naval cadet seated next to me on the plane from Leningrad to Kiev carried a bulky copy of *The Financier,* and the young Armenian in the seat in front of me concentrated so fiercely on *The Titan* that only during my laborious and futile attempt to explain baseball to the sailor did he allow himself to be distracted.

Russians read American literature in great quantities in English. Although *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is still considered unworthy of translation, five American copies are available in one Leningrad library, and they are in constant circulation, with long waiting lists. In Moscow a twenty-year-old Komsomolka proudly showed me her copy of a Soviet edition of O. Henry, printed in English. On the end page, as in all Soviet books, the size of the edition was given—20,000. Compared to the editions of translated books (a 1956 edition of *The Titan,* for example, was in 225,000 copies), this is small. But any American publisher would view such a figure with considerable respect. And imagine trying to sell twenty thousand copies of a Russian-language edition of, say, Chekhov in the United States.

The Blight of the 1930's

The Soviet affection for American literature (and for nearly all things American from jeeps to jazz) is, of course, not new. What is new is the freedom for the ordinary Russian reader to widen his acquaintance with our contemporary writers. Back in the relatively liberal years before Stalin in the 1920's, translations of everything from the essays of John Dewey to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* could be found in Moscow bookstalls. Jack London, Mark Twain, and Upton Sinclair—favorites inherited from pre-revolutionary days—were supreme, but scores of current American best-sellers, ranging from Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* and *Babbitt* to Zane Grey's *The Border Legion,* also found a large following. In the Russian language alone (books have been translated into Ukrainian, Kazakh, Tatar, and forty-six other Soviet languages) over ninety American authors were published, eighty of them entirely new to Soviet readers. When Stalin took power and inaugurated the Five-Year

Plans, however, this period of catholicity came to an abrupt end.

American literature was one of the casualties involved in the wholesale repudiation of "bourgeois" culture. In the peak year of 1927, fifty-two American authors had been published in book form; by 1932 the number had dwindled to nine. This was not altogether a catastrophe. A good many of the discarded writers were mediocre and might well have lost their readers anyway. Also, there were frequent new printings of Mark Twain, Jack London, and O. Henry. Other favorites, such as James Fenimore Cooper, Bret Harte, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Walt Whitman, continued to come out in numerous editions. And in the middle and late 1930's the policy of the Popular Front against fascism fostered the publication of such liberals as Hemingway, Pearl Buck, Erskine Caldwell, and Waldo Frank.

For the most part, however, the hazy but nevertheless constricting party doctrine of "socialist realism," designed for the guidance of Russia's own writers, was carried over into the choice of new American works for translation. The publishing houses concentrated on left-wing writing, born of the depression, that painted America in the most dismal colors. The solemn search for an American "proletarian" literature that would be ideologically acceptable and at the same time not dull was persistent but fruitless. Only John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath,* translated in 325,000 copies in 1940 and 1941, came close to filling the bill.

Little Audrey Revisited

During the war the Soviet publishing industry, which was mobilized for defense like everything else, had to turn away from nonessentials. Only a few old standbys like London, Whitman, and Mark Twain continued to be printed. When the war ended, there seemed to be a chance that the party, which considerably relaxed its controls over the arts during the emergency, would tolerate a rather wide examination of contemporary American literature. The Central Committee of the party put an end to this notion, and at the same time dispelled any illusions of liberty among Soviet writers, in a resolution issued in August, 1946, which denounced "ideological neutrality" in the arts and castigated the spirit of "servility before the capitalist West." The stage was set for an ideological offensive.

The Russians have never been reluctant to probe America's sore spots. And our writers, who for a century have been heavily inclined toward social criticism, have obligingly shown them plenty to probe. Since 1928 it has been possible for centrally controlled Soviet publishers, by a careful choice of works for translation, to shape a composite image of a wild, sick, forlorn, and

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rapacious United States. But it was only in the cold-war period that all the stops were pulled out. Beginning in 1946, along with a press campaign that cited our "Little Audrey" stories as evidence that Americans are callous and sadistic, the Soviet book industry started building a caricature of the bomb-waving capitalist monster across the seas. They snatched at every suggestion: the current fiction of Fast, Albert Maltz, and many lesser left-wingers; Lewis's fiery *Kingsblood Royal* and dozens of other exposés of race injustice; reprintings of the muckraking pieces of Lincoln Steffens; even the time-worn barbs of the nineteenth-century frontier humorist Petroleum V. Nasby.

If the dozens of curious and friendly Russians I talked with this summer give a true indication, the decade of monotonous harping on America's evils came nowhere near draining the Soviet citizens' huge reservoir of admiration for the United States. But the millions of copies of politically selected books did leave their stamp; many Russians obviously share Howard Fast's simplified party-line impression of America.

Perceptiveness out of Storage

Now the caricature is softening. It is too early to expect individual Russians to concede that it was a mistake, since such an admission could only follow a publicly proclaimed change of heart on the part of the central policymakers.

In talks with more than a score of Soviet literary persons—professors and critics of American literature, poets, novelists, and top officials of the Writers' Union—the strongest suggestion of doubt I heard was that they had not "paid enough attention to American writing" in recent years. But their intimate knowledge of American literature belies their own words. Not only have they "paid attention" to our writing; they are astonishingly well informed.

It is now obvious that through all the bleak years of official hostility a select number of qualified professionals—teachers, critics, and writers—have been studying contemporary American literature meticulously and often with love. Critics whose writings in the past decade have often seemed obtuse and narrowly dogmatic, and who displayed an apparent ignorance of the essential subtlety and variety of American culture, turn out in person to be sensitive, flexible, and surprisingly knowledgable. Their difficulty has not been nearly so much one of understanding and appreciating the United States (although they do have many blind spots) as it has been in breaking out of the ideologically cramped

quarters in which they were forced to exist. Now that they are breathing a little freer, they are saying and will probably write a good many fair and perceptive things.

Why So Neurotic?

It is risky to predict just what they will write. We should not expect a sudden reversal of position. Soviet literary critics will not lightly abandon their emphasis on the hallowed Marxist-Leninist economic and social criteria. Time and again this summer, stimulated by their cordiality, I would suggest that they had gone overboard in reading the class struggle into every novel they see. The replies were various, but they all boiled down to a friendly but firm "You have your way of thinking; we have ours."

Another reason for not expecting a dramatic change of direction is that although they have abandoned the abusive tone of their cold-war polemics, they are still genuinely distressed at the substance of present-day American writing. Until new authors appear or old ones change, the Russians will continue to complain that our poetry and much of our prose are obscure; they will insist that our writers, preoccupied with their own private frustrations, are lost in a fog of sexual aberration and morbidity; they will hold that American literature reacts to social evil with either empty-headed acceptance or sterile disillusionment.

A critic who wrote many fine and acute things about American literature before the war and who has only recently returned to American themes exclaimed to me in genuine perplexity, "The Americans we meet are all so robust and optimistic. How is it that your writing can be so neurotic?"

It is scarcely news that the Russians are "socially conscious." What is not so widely recognized abroad is the sense of living history that dominates their aesthetics. Dreiser, who often bores his own countrymen with his ponderous masses of detail about American life, is highly esteemed by Soviet critics precisely because he tried to capture the movement of a total society. (On the other hand, the sexual *études* of the French girl novelist Françoise Sagan leave them cold.) One distinguished professor said to me: "We Russians are changing our environment and our social relationships very rapidly and on a big scale. The job of our writers is to understand and show this change." Then he added, in a perhaps ironic attempt to sympathize with the plight of American writers, "But of course your society is now a pretty static one." When I disagreed, he challenged me to name a single novel that depicts positive growth in post-war America. It is a little sad, if unimportant, that I failed as a cultural emissary by not having an answer on the tip of my tongue. The important thing is that Russian critics will continue to judge American literature largely in terms of its willingness and ability to depict epic social progress.

In Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev there are numerous bookstores that sell exclusively the literature of the "People's Democracies." As far as I was able to tell, there are no bookstores devoted solely to the literature of the West. The politics of the given moment still dominates Soviet cultural policy. But literature has a way of dictating its own proportions, and the Russians, who have always been almost grim in their passion for culture, have decided once more to move out into the world.

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MUSIC: The Met's Top Three Sopranos

ROLAND GELATT

EVER SINCE María Malibran set New Yorkers agog 130 years ago with fiery interpretations of Rossini heroines, we have gone to the opera to hear celebrated singers. Vivid stars attract us far more potently than faultless ensemble. In recent years, however, it has become something of a chore to provide American operagoers with singers of adequate stellar magnitude. For a decade or more impresarios have had to contend with a sad shortage of first-rate Italian tenors and baritones. Nowhere in the world can singers be found to fill the void left by Gigli and Martinelli, De Luca and Ruffo. But fortunately there does exist at present a small supply of dramatic sopranos who can be successfully measured against yesterday's standards. Three of these divas are to be on hand at the Metropolitan Opera House during the present season: Maria Callas, Renata Tebaldi, and Zinka Milanov. The rivalry among them should do much to illumine the repertoire and keep the Met solvent.

Triumph of Temperament

Maria Callas, whose Metropolitan debut took place late in October, is a lean, intense, self-conscious woman who demonstrates better than any singer since Mary Garden the supremacy of mind over matter. Her voice, considered simply as a voice, is not a great one. It can negotiate florid arabesques with nimble agility, and in the middle range—particularly in quiet passages—it can sound bewitching. But let an aria climb above the staff and the Callas voice grows thin and often strident. The enormous international success of this singer may be cited as refutation of the canard that opera lovers are dazzled solely by high Cs. To compensate for vocal shortcomings, Miss Callas substitutes style, temperament, and dramatic conviction—all qualities in conspicuously short supply among singers of the present generation. She enunciates a phrase with a bold and very personal sense of musical contour, and she wrings from each word its full freight of emotional import. Like all imaginative musicians, she takes liberties; but intelligence and taste prevent her imagination from degenerating into license.

On stage Miss Callas is a formidable artist. Her concern for style, allied to keen theatrical sensibility, enables her to dominate a vast opera house with imperfect vocal equipment. On records she makes a rather poorer showing: Over the loudspeaker, vocal inequalities, which grow increasingly obtrusive with repetition, do not invariably yield to the force of temperament. Still, the Callas records amply demonstrate the dramatic and musical perceptiveness that constitutes her chief claim to eminence.

One of her first recordings remains one of her best: Bellini's *I Puritani* (Angel). Although the libretto is silly to an extreme, Miss Callas can involve us in the plight of Elvira, who goes mad when she is ostensibly jilted by her Cavalier fiancé. She conveys a touching impression of crushed hope and shattered illusions in the phrases that introduce the great Act II Mad Scene, and the concluding cabaletta is informed with poignant, unearthly delirium.

The complete recordings of *Tosca* and *Aïda* featuring Miss Callas (both for Angel) are also fine examples of her best work. When she vilifies Baron Scarpia in the one or surrenders to Amonasro's pleading in the other, the intensity of emotion strikes deep. In this era of pallid operatic personalities it is refreshing to encounter a singer with a mind at work and with the vitality to project conviction.

Matter-of-Fact Perfection

Renata Tebaldi, whom Callas seems to regard as her archrival, is a musician of wholly opposite characteristics. She sings the way Jascha Heifetz plays the violin—with pitch securely centered, tone well poised, rapid passages cleanly articulated. Hers is (or at least seems to be) completely effortless vocalism, and the sheer virtuosity of it captivates the listener. Unfortunately, the parallel with Heifetz must be pursued further: Like the violinist, Miss Tebaldi often uses this technical infallibility to obtain some rather drab results. The first few measures of an aria sung by her are invariably enthralling by reason of that sumptuous vocal control; thereafter, though the singing is as opulent as ever, attention may begin to wander, and by the end one is sometimes tempted to employ the quip Ernest Newman applied to Melba: "Uninterestingly perfect and perfectly uninteresting."

I say "tempted" advisedly, for it would be foolish in this day and age to discuss offhand a vocalist of Miss Tebaldi's competence. If it were only for her Desdemona in Verdi's *Otello* (recorded for London), she would be remembered as a soprano of high achievement; here, particularly in the last act, she evokes exquisitely the aura of subdued innocence that is implicit in the score and she produces some of the most pearly vocalism committed to records in the high-fidelity era. In truth every one of Miss Tebaldi's albums (she has recorded practically all the standard operas for London) merits praise; she is, over the loudspeaker and in the opera house, utterly dependable.

Perhaps too dependable. Miss Tebaldi's chief shortcoming is her matter-of-fact approach to the high art of musical characterization. It is instructive to compare her in this respect with Maria Callas. Almost any aria will do; for example, *"Io Son l'Umile Ancella"* from Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur*. Callas (Angel

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35233) catches all the overtones of condescending humility with which Adriana makes her entrance; Tebaldi (London LL 1354) by contrast seems merely to sing the notes, but sings them with a security and openness of tone that Miss Callas lacks.

Voice of Experience

Callas and Tebaldi are in their early thirties and remain relative newcomers to the domestic operatic scene; the glamour of novelty still clings to them. Zinka Milanov is fifty and has been heard at the Metropolitan off and on for almost two decades. We tend, as a result, to take this Junoesque soprano from Yugoslavia too much for granted and to allow memories of her mediocre performances to obscure those in which she has sung sublimely well. In England, where Miss Milanov had never before appeared in opera, critics this summer scooped up as many superlatives as they could find to describe her Covent Garden debut. She was apparently at her best on this occasion, and her best can be a stirring experience.

The trouble is, Miss Milanov doesn't always perform at her best; on an off night the top notes waver and the once supple legato becomes unwieldy. Moreover, as an actress she leaves an impression of ungainliness; she has neither the forcefulness of Callas nor the radiance of Tebaldi. But if you shut your eyes and listen to her in good voice, you will hear a musician of parts who, though not a stylist in the Callas manner, seldom gives a dull performance. Her recordings, of course, show her in reliable vocal estate. The collection of arias entitled "Milanov Sings" (RCA Victor) impressively parades her virtues, such as the magnificently resonant high tones in *"Pace, Pace, Mio Dio!"* and the caressing legato of *"Tacea la Notte Placida."*

Comparisons, odious though they may be, will be made constantly during the course of the current Metropolitan season. Partisanship for each of these sopranos is certain to run high. But agreement should be reached on at least one point: We are fortunate in having today three singers of this caliber to compare, not only with each other, but with their predecessors.

The Nightingale And the Thorn

MARYA MANNES

Collected Poems, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. *Harper. $6.*

There are moments in life of complete affirmation; they are the best ones. In my own life, one of these was the first reading of "Renascence," that exalted and exultant canticle to life written by a very young poetess named Millay. From the first couplet, "All I could see from where I stood/Was three long mountains and a wood;" to "God, I can push the grass apart/And lay my finger on Thy heart!," I felt that I had found myself at a time—the peak of a long and turbulent adolescence—when the search for identity is a bewildering pain. If I had nothing else

to thank Edna St. Vincent Millay for, this would be enough.

But I do have more, and so has the whole generation that grew up with her, and so, I believe, will a number of generations to come. For hers is the pure lyric voice that reaches the heart. It is the controlled speech of uncontrollable love: for life, for man, for beauty, for a blade of grass or a drop of rain. For all such manifestations of creation she sang her lucid notes of praise and joy; and for their harm and destruction she grieved, from a deep hurt.

Now, reading the total of her life's work, the sadness is almost more contagious than the joy, for her hurt seems immeasurable in the light of this age. Added to the loss of those she had loved—and she was the kind of woman who exposed herself through love to repeated loss—was the progressive darkening of the world by war and the obsessive materialism this airborne spirit loathed. And one of the saddest things about this book is to see how this darkening slowly sapped her powers as a poet as it wrung her heart.

Her own awareness of this is explicit in a poem published for the first time here, an "Invocation to the Muses" composed for a public ceremonial in 1941:

If I address thee in archaic style—
Words obsolete, words obsolescent,
It is that for a little while
The heart must, oh, indeed must
from this angry and outrageous present
Itself withdraw
Into some past in which most crooked Evil,
Although quite certainly conceived and born, was not as yet the Law.

This is no longer the pure lyric voice, the sure and vibrant song of a fine poet; this is the cry of a casualty of war. And so it is with most of those last poems dictated by outrage. In one late sonnet she defends herself:

If from all taint of indignation, free
Must be my art, and thereby fugitive
From all that threatens it—why—let me give
To moles my dubious immortality.

There are some noble poems among her angry indictments of the times. Yet in a way this close acquaintance with evil has muted her song. As a woman of fifty she does not pierce the listening air as she did as a girl of nineteen, when she could write:

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A thousand screams the heavens smote;
And every scream tore through my throat.
No hurt I did not feel, no death
That was not mine; mine each last breath
That, crying, met an answering cry
From the compassion that was I.

Edna St. Vincent Millay does not belong to this age, although a number of her poems may belong to all ages. This collection is therefore an exercise in nostalgia for those who shared the 1920's and 1930's with her; nostalgia for a time when a poet could spend herself in pure song; when feeling, disciplined by old forms, was not obfuscated by preoccupation with new ones; when the need to squander love was not a psychosis; when passion was not driven from the high places where it belongs into the small alleys of lust.

Edna Millay lived in a time before the great media of mass communication, before public relations, before the cult of personalities, before the avalanche of false values which all these things shook loose on a dazed world. When she saw it coming, she retreated further and further into her garden and into herself:

Importuned through the mails,
accosted over the telephone,
overtaken by running footsteps,
caught by the sleeve, the servant of strangers,
While amidst the haste and confusion lover and friend quietly step into the unreachable past,
I throw bright time to chickens in an untidy yard.

Her final retreat, six years ago, was death. Her life she leaves behind her in this book.

Weight Lifting, Nihilism, And the Japanese Novel

MARK SCHORER

THE SOUND OF WAVES, by Yukio Mishima. Translated by Meredith Weatherby. *Knopf. $3.*

MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE: AN ANTHOLOGY, edited by Donald Keene. *Grove. $4.75.*

THE SETTING SUN, by Osamu Dazai. Translated by Donald Keene. *New Directions. $3.*

ZONE OF EMPTINESS, by Hiroshi Noma. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. *World. $3.95.*

THE HEIKE STORY, by Eiji Yoshikawa. Translated by Fuki Wooyenaka Uramatsu. *Knopf. $4.95.*

I do not find the company of writers more exhilarating than that of people in general—often, rather the contrary—and so I am not in the habit of seeking them out. Last summer in Tokyo, however, I arranged to meet the young novelist Yukio Mishima. In the *Japan Quarterly* I had read his disturbing, sensitive story "Death in Midsummer," and I knew that Knopf would bring out a novel of Mishima's in late August. I knew, too, that Mishima is generally regarded as the best of the younger Japanese writers. But my real motive in wanting to meet him was the hope that he would give me some clue to what it was that had left me feeling uncertain and uneasy in the presence of those modern Japanese novels I had read recently.

I proposed a certain Sunday, but that day was difficult for Mishima—he is a member of a weight-lifting club, and all of that Sunday he would be busy with the other muscle men from his gymnasium. During July, Japan celebrates the Bon festival, which combines placating the restless spirits of the dead with rejoicing for the harvest about to come. During that period, every village and every city district sets aside a day on which to stage its celebration. The chief event is the procession in which the *mikoshi*, the local portable shrine, is taken from its sanctuary and carried through the streets on the shoulders of able-bodied men, and smaller model shrines are toted about by groups of small boys who look forward to the time when they will be roaring and groaning under the real thing. On the Sunday I had suggested, Mishima's gymnasium group was to carry the shrine in their outlying Tokyo district. I found my way there to observe the spectacle.

THE STREETS around the central area of the district were jammed with people. Children, carrying toys and noisemakers and dressed in kimonos, swarmed like ants. The holy white-paper streamers, cut so as to be without end to signify eternity, hung listlessly in the thick hot sunlight, while the garish colors of everything else—shop fronts, costumes, parasols, fans—beat and boiled on the air. A drum or gong would break out with a dismal boom every now and then over the restless babble and chatter and shouting. I pushed my way through to the place where the huge black-and-gold shrine, topped with its lavish phoenix and weighing two thousand pounds, stood waiting on a platform. There I met Mishima's translator, Meredith Weatherby, and Mishima himself, raucously horsing around with his friends at the very center of the chaos.

There were twenty of them, all wearing loincloths and open hip-length *yukata*, red and blue paint smeared on their bodies and faces, red cloths tied around their heads. Since it is traditional that the shrine bearers get roaring drunk, most of the men were treating themselves to generous gulps of sake, but Mishima, both then and later in the procession itself, when the ponderous shrine would be put down before a shop and the men would refresh themselves, drank fruit juice.

In *Confession of a Mask*, a novel already translated by Mr. Weatherby but still in typescript (a section of it appears in Donald Keene's new

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and excellent *Anthology of Modern Japanese Literature*), the narrator, observing as a child just such a procession, says: "Through it all there was only one vividly clear thing, a thing which both horrified and lacerated me, filling my heart with unaccountable agony. This was the expression on the faces of the young men carrying the shrine—an expression of the most obscene and undisguised drunkenness in the world."

Now, in all but that detail, Mishima was one of them.

'Cube of Empty Night'

Amid the confused tumult, the procession at last got under way. To the throb of drums, it was led off by a priest who carried a metal staff topped with clanking iron rings. Then came a group of men carrying a heavy, arklike offertory chest. Next came one of the miniature shrines, bobbing about over the heads of adolescent boys. Finally, the chief shrine. It was mounted on heavy wooden crossbeams that jutted out perhaps three feet all around its base and rested on the shoulders of the bearers.

The shrine was perhaps ten feet square and rose to a kind of pyramidal climax in a fantastic golden bird that careened about wildly ten feet above the heads of the men, who formed one struggling, sweating mass, their naked legs a crazy tangle. As they lurched ahead to a rhythmic chant that went "*sa*-sha, *sa*-sha," and scampering boys kept time by beating pieces of wood together, the shrine itself lurched and reeled, shot up and plunged down like a boat on angry waves. In the mass was Mishima, grunting and sweating like the rest, teeth flashing.

"Imagine one of America's leading young novelists in a similar situation," said Weatherby. "Mishima's returning to his tradition. In the past, everything had to be western for him."

As the shrine passed us, I experienced a shudder of uneasiness in its presence, a feeling of something sinister. I dismissed the sensation as the irrelevant response of an American whose religious experience was limited to childhood Sundays in the hard pews of a Midwestern Dutch Reformed church. Thus I was surprised later to come across this passage in Mishima's own typescript of that earlier procession:

"Now the shrine itself came into view, and there was a venomous state of dead calm, like the air of the tropics, which clung solely about the shrine. It seemed a malevolent sluggishness, trembling hotly above the naked shoulders of the young men . . . And within the thick scarlet-and-white ropes, within the guard-rails of black lacquer and gold, behind those fast-shut doors of gold leaf, there was a four-foot cube of pitch-blackness. This perfect cube of empty night, ceaselessly swaying and leaping, to and fro, up and down, was boldly reigning over the cloudless noonday . . ."

MISHIMA and I met next day under very different circumstances. He came to my hotel, sprucely dressed in fresh white ducks and a dark blue polo shirt. Under the shirt, one shoulder was bandaged where it had been burned by the beam of the shrine, but he laughed at that and asked, "How did you like it?"

"Very fine. But why are you a weight lifter?"

"When I was young, I was puny and sickly . . ." He flexed a respectable but by no means monstrous biceps muscle and laughed again. But I was remembering a story about his youth that is current in Tokyo literary gossip.

His family was not of the aristocracy, but through aristocratic connections the boy was enrolled in the old Peers' School. Even as a schoolboy he was continually writing. It is said that after he finished his by no means light schoolwork, he would secretly write until very late in the night, with the result that he was both frail and sleepy much of the time. One day, in a daze, he fell off the elevated platform onto the tracks and was nearly killed. His mother learned of his nocturnal literary efforts and persuaded his father to try to put an end to the writing. Although this did not happen, the father was responsible for the fact that the boy studied law when he entered Tokyo University and that after his graduation he entered the Ministry of Public Finance, where he was employed for several years. Only after he proved himself commercially successful as a writer (*The Sound of Waves* has sold about a hundred thousand copies in Japan) did his father permit him to give up his career as a public servant.

HIS FIRST NOVEL was written in 1944, when he was nineteen, in the period between school and university. He is now thirty-one, and his books in their various combinations and editions number over fifty.

Of American writers, Mishima prefers Melville and Poe to Mailer and Capote, but he is widely read in both our present and past, and in this he is different from most literate young Japanese, for whom contemporary American fiction has a disproportionate glamour. Among modern crit-

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ics he prefers Edmund Wilson, but most other young Japanese writers prefer T. S. Eliot. Mishima is more impressed with the influence of Continental literature, especially Russian and French, on Japanese fiction than he is with that of the United States. His novel *Confession of a Mask* begins with a long quotation from Dostoevsky about sodomy which also seems Gidean.

Mishima argues for the particular importance of younger French writers—Sartre and Camus—to the Japanese. One can only wonder. The Japanese are temperamentally prepared to assimilate half of existentialism, the concept of the Absurd, with peculiar ease; but the other half, its profoundly subjective concept of self-responsibility—is it not precisely this quality that a western reader finds missing in the Japanese novel?

A Primitive Folk Tale

The first of Mishima's novels to be published here, *The Sound of Waves,* is unlike the others, not because he may now be identifying himself with traditional manners but because he has chosen a remote country setting and characters. In such a setting, Mishima has been able to locate the simplest kind of idyl of young love and to treat it with a pure lyricism that is as remote as a novel could be from the treatment of that desperate, corrosive sexuality we can observe in the urban novels, or from his own analytical treatment of homosexuality in *Confession of a Mask*.

The Sound of Waves is in some ways more like a folk tale than a novel. The mindless young fisherman hero, the lovely, superstitious young heroine, the social barrier set up by the obstinate father who would keep the princess captive, the secret nocturnal meetings, the act of supreme courage by which the boy proves himself, the ready capitulation of villains, and the happy-ever-after ending—all this fairy-tale material forms the substance of the work.

It is rooted, to be sure, in a beautifully rendered natural setting, and it is rooted, no less, in the very completely if unobtrusively presented social reality of the fishing village, and so it takes on its novelistic texture. And yet at two points, without violating that texture in the least, Mishima moves into the world of pure fable: once, when the activities of a hornet save the heroine from violation at the hands of the young villain whom her father favors; and again, in a lovely, nearly ritualistic scene where amid "storm-encircled ruins," with a fire burning between them, these innocents reveal their nakedness to one another and then the boy leaps through the flames.

In such a context, where the intellectual and psychological elements are minimal and in which there is no discontinuity between the individual life and social forms, it is possible to present characters who reach out to experience with a bright openness, and it is even possible to introduce a note of personal responsibility in an ending that in some part emulates the act of self-recognition that characterizes our fiction and is so un-Japanese. In the end, the girl, Hatsue, believes that it is her photograph which, like a fetish, saved the boy, Shinji; but Shinji—in the final sentence—"knew it had been his own strength that had tided him through."

The Secret We Are Not Told

From Mishima's relative heaven we plummet into Osamu Dazai's absolute hell. The world of *The Setting Sun* is one of uncompromising negation; here the movement of life has nearly ceased, and the will of most of the characters rots in abeyance until it acts upon the single choice that is given it: self-destruction. The totality of despair in this novel is spectacular but completely private.

Dazai is dead. Victimized by tuberculosis, alcohol, and morphine, he led a life of wild dissipation that was marked by periodic attempts at suicide. In 1948, when he was just turning thirty-nine, a fifth attempt was successful. His motives were as obscure as the motives behind the negations of his novel, *The Setting Sun,* and that is what I mean by describing the novel as "private." In life, author Dazai was the son of a once wealthy landowning family that lost its place in the contemporary Japanese world. His novel's narrator, a girl named Kazuku, and her brother, Naoji, are also the children of a dispossessed aristocratic

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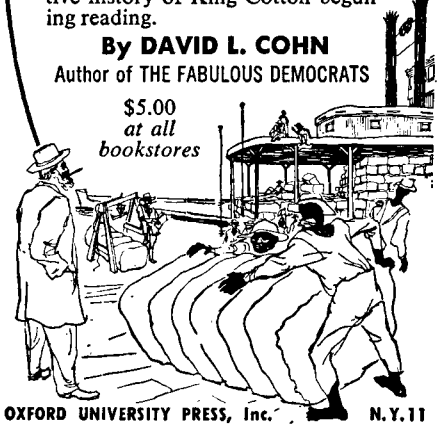

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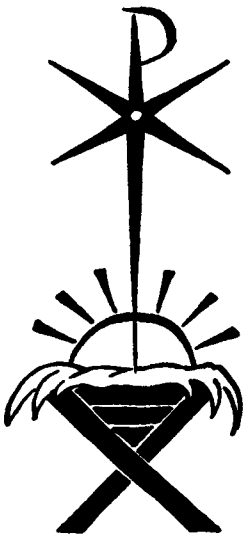

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family, "people of the setting sun." But while Naoji is driven to drugs and to suicide, Kazuku is not. On the other hand, the utterly degraded writer, Uehara, whom Kazuku chooses as her lover, is of the farmer class and is as surely driving himself to death as is Naoji.

Kazuku says at one point, "We are the victims of a transitional period in morality," by which she means that the traditional sanctions of Japanese life with which the individual was wont to identify himself are melting away, while western culture—political or social or literary—which the characters in this novel have accepted, exists for them only as superficial forms, without any moral correlatives to support them.

Thus such a character as Kazuku herself—and again, she is infinitely stronger than the men in the novel, for in this novel, once more, male authority is dead—has no function in life whatever once her mother is dead. When she seeks out the debased Uehara as her lover, it is as if she is driven, on the one hand, by nothing more conscious than a universal and blind female impulse to reproduce, and, on the other, by the unconscious wish to debase and to destroy herself at the same time.

The ultimate motives are both more general and more personal than what is named; they comprise again the secret that we are not told.

A Sealed and Stifling Vessel

By comparison, Hiroshi Noma's *Zone of Emptiness* is easy reading even for the untutored westerner. Noma is or has been a Communist, and his book is in a sense a novel of protest against military authority. The "zone of emptiness, the vacuum zone" is the barracks where Kitani, the main character, and a company of other foot soldiers await their orders. "All the breathable air at the post seemed to have been exhausted by an irresistible force. It was in this sealed and stifling vessel that the army carried out its operation."

Kitani has been returned to the army after two savage years in prison for a petty crime. He is a broken and exhausted man who survives by two impulses—to find again a pretty prostitute whom he loves (he does not find her) and to revenge himself on the officer who was responsible for his imprisonment. The climax comes when he finds and beats up the officer. Then he is shipped out on an assignment that will mean his death.

If this novel gives us a fascinating picture of Japanese army life, its interest lies no less in the revelation of a plodding and unintelligent submission to authority. Even Katani's revenge is not so much the resolve of an individual as it is outraged nature blindly pushing through him, as though he were the passive victim of his hatred rather than its progenitor. For all their difference in circumstance, he is essentially like Kazuku in *The Setting Sun.*

What Is Missing

In popular fiction like Eiji Yoshikawa's *The Heike Story,* which is a long retelling of well-known historical materials and is meant to entertain chiefly at the level of action, one expects such emphasis on externality as one indeed finds. One might also expect, as with popular western fiction, a high degree of plot organization. This is precisely what one does not find. The book is not a novel at all in this sense, but a loosely strung series of episodes (it ran for months in a Tokyo newspaper) that make a kind of characterless chronicle of events that could be shuffled around in any number of sequences. What is missing in this tiresome story, as in most of the fascinating novels I have mentioned, is a central psychic control of a kind to which western fiction, even cheap popular fiction and even our fiction of despair, has habituated us.

TIME AND AGAIN I have heard liberal Japanese intellectuals, desperately eager to see their new democratic constitution work effectively, say that Japan must find some way of developing "the concept of personality." Mishima, in our interview, did not give me the clue I wanted, but the spectacle of the shrine carrying did. At the heart of the shrine is that "perfect cube of empty night," that "four-foot cube of pitch-blackness." And I continually recall with western dismay the image of this highly gifted and sensitive writer dissolving into the struggling mass of his fellows.

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Three Guides For the Atomic Age

WALTER MILLIS

ATOMS AND PEOPLE, by Ralph E. Lapp. *Harper. $4.*

ATOMIC QUEST: A PERSONAL NARRATIVE, by Arthur Holly Compton. *Oxford. $5.*

ATOMIC WEAPONS AND EAST-WEST RELATIONS, by P. M. S. Blackett. *Cambridge. $2.*

It is just fifteen years since James B. Conant announced to a roomful of scientists in Washington (on the very day before the attack on Pearl Harbor) an all-out government-supported research effort to produce an atomic weapon within the probable time limits of the existing war. The story of the great intellectual adventures upon the frontiers of science out of which this decision grew, of the extraordinary development—first scientific, then increasingly industrial and military—that followed, and of the appalling fears and amazing hopes to which it has now brought us in the brief space of a decade and a half, has been told in many ways. I do not think it has been told as simply, as clearly, with as acute an understanding of the human values and moral issues involved, as in Lapp's and Compton's books.

Scientists and Statesmen

"My focus," says Dr. Compton in his preface, is not on the "drama" of the great discoveries, but rather on "the actors, especially on the scientists. What makes them act as they do?"

Dr. Lapp's focus is also on the men—Fermi, Lawrence, Szilard, Dunning, Teller, and many more of both native and foreign origin, as well as the soldiers like Groves, the industrialists, the administrators like Lilienthal or Strauss, the statesmen like Stimson or MacMahon. He remembers not only the scientific great but some more obscure heroes, such as Louis Slotin, who, engaged in determining the "critical mass" by pushing pieces of "bomb stuff" slowly together, accidentally started an explosive reaction and only stopped it by tearing the highly radioactive samples apart with his hands at the cost of his own life.

AT THE outset of Lapp's career, he had a choice between science and literature; he chose science. Though Compton, of course, rose to a far greater scientific and philosophical eminence, one cannot help feeling that Lapp is the more concise and vivid writer; his brief portraits are more sharply etched, and if he is less philosophical and more journalistic than Compton, he is more keenly interested in the present-day problems and politics of atomic energy. Compton's is the "personal narrative" of an experience that largely ended with Hiroshima and Nagasaki, whereas more than half of Lapp's book concerns the subsequent history, the shift from military control to the AEC, the first Soviet explosion, the race for the "so-called" H-bomb, the revealing misfortune suffered by the Japanese fishing trawler, the perils of fall-out, and the promises of nuclear power.

Lapp has come to occupy a peculiar position. He is virtually the only public ambassador to the field of atomic energy. That is, he is the only unofficial publicist, unmuzzled by security, with the scientific training and the backgrounds of intimate experience in nuclear laboratories and in the Pentagon (where he served for a time as a scientific adviser) to understand what is going on and to make honest reports. He was not one of the major figures in the development of atomic energy, and one need not accept all his scientific guesses or political conclusions as unassailable. But I am not aware that any of his factual deductions have ever been disproved, while many have been belatedly substantiated.

There is a detective-story fascination in his account of how, starting from the accident of the Japanese

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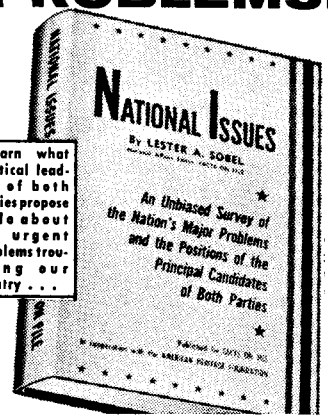
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fishermen and using results reported by Japanese nuclear physicists, he worked back to deduce the actual composition of the "H-bomb." Beginning with an atomic (fission) bomb as trigger, it does produce a hydrogen-fusion reaction, but this is only a second trigger that fissions an "overcoat" of ordinary uranium, which is relatively cheap and normally nonfissionable. It is from this ordinary uranium that the bomb derives most of its supergigantic power; it is this that spews into the global atmosphere the same dangerous products, including strontium-90, that are produced by an atomic bomb, but in gigantically larger quantities.

LAPP takes the danger from further bomb tests very seriously. He makes a strong case for an international ban on all further testing, of small bombs as well as large, as one "foolproof" step toward at least slowing down the present insane race to nuclear destruction. He is scornful at the same time of the dense veils of secrecy behind which the AEC continues to hide the relevant facts from the American people or reveal them in only partial and misleading glimpses. As we learned at the Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy in 1955, our secrecy has not prevented the Russians from building up a strong and expert nuclear science and nuclear technology of their own. After the conference scores of papers that had been classified top-secret, on the ground that the Russians *might* not have discovered the information for themselves, had to be declassified when the Russians demonstrated that they had.

"The time," Lapp contends, "is long overdue for the bulk of atomic activities to be brought out from the penumbra of secrecy and exposed to the light of day. The Atomic Energy Commission must emerge from its decade-long enchantment with secrecy and face up to the fact that its massive preoccupation with keeping secrets has not impeded Soviet development of A-bombs or Supers."

Lapp looks informatively (and always in understandable nontechnical language) into the future of nuclear warfare, of atomic machines, and of atomic-power sources, and into the still dim possibility that even the fusion (hydrogen) reaction may one day be harnessed to useful power production. He throws interesting sidelights on the past—what life was like, for example, at Los Alamos and Oak Ridge, and what the men and women there did and why. He reports little-known episodes, like that in which the great Hanford plutonium production reactor, which had to be designed before a pilot

plant could be completed, ran down and stopped a few days after it had been put into operation. (The trouble was swiftly diagnosed, but it could be corrected only because an engineer of the Du Pont Company had insisted upon building into the pile a reserve capacity in excess of what the "longhairs" had thought necessary.)

Race to Stay Ahead

Less happy episodes, in later years, were the way in which the whole development came more or less to a halt with the end of the war; the way in which, after AEC had taken over, the Air Force vetoed efforts to develop smaller and more usable weapons because this would admit the Navy and the ground Army to the nuclear monopoly; the delay in restarting development until the Soviet explosion, in the fall of 1949, shocked us into the "crash program" to find the H-bomb and led ultimately to the late Brien McMahon's speech in the Senate in mid-September, 1951, that sparked a massive development of all aspects of atomic energy.

The history of the reaction to the

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Soviet explosion of 1949 was only dimly discernible to the lay observer through the glimpses thrown upon it by the Oppenheimer hearing testimony of 1954. Lapp puts it into an ordered and suggestive perspective, which again illustrates the follies that have been perpetrated in the name of secrecy—a secrecy that has served principally to blind the American people to the most serious issue facing us today.

Compton on Hiroshima

The same figures pass through Compton's pages as through Lapp's; many of the same episodes (like the near-failure of the Hanford plutonium plant) are in both books. Compton, while forbidden by Du Pont company policy from giving the name of the engineer whose foresight saved the Hanford plutonium plant, quotes the verses written in celebration of the feat. Compton has a long, still apparently somewhat worried, passage upon the decision to use the bomb against Japan. His brother Karl was a member of the "Interim Committee" set up by Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to advise upon the question; he was himself a member of the scientific advisory committee whose views were sought by the Interim Committee.

Compton, like Lapp, records the scientists' protest, led by James Franck and Leo Szilard, against the use of the bomb upon live targets in the closing days of the war. Lapp seems to accept their view. Compton, going into the whole subject much more soberly and seriously, sees no reason to revise the decision of the time. It was a question of using the new weapon to save lives—American lives, primarily, but Japanese lives as well. Or rather, it was a question of employing the new force in such a way that it would accomplish the maximum of social good, the minimum of tragedy, in the context of the time. The hundred thousand lives snuffed out at Hiroshima in an hour or two represented a cruelty no greater than the similar number of lives burned, suffocated, or blasted to death over a period of no more than two or three days in the conventional fire raids on Tokyo. War is cruelty and destruction; the form of destructive agents makes little difference. Radiation burns from Hiroshima and flame-thrower burns from other theaters were identical. Compton's analysis may not be the final one; that it is earnest and deeply moral cannot be doubted.

A Military Critique

Professor Blackett's three lectures, on the other hand, are concerned wholly with the military problem. Blackett has spoken tartly in the past about American atomic strategy (Compton gently accuses him of "a certain degree of prejudice"). Here he is tart but frequently penetrating about the misconceptions in which all the governments and their military men as well have got themselves involved. Borrowing a phrase from Paul Nitze, he insists that there is a growing disparity between the "declaratory policy" announced by politicians and generals and the "action policy" to which they are being forced by reality. He calls for a basic revision of present-day strategic concepts to accord not with fantasies out of the past but with the facts of international relations in a nuclear age.

He professes to offer no more than a beginning on such revision, but he suggests that it will proceed along these lines: acceptance of the fact that Russia's attainment of substantial nuclear parity has "abolished total war"; maintenance of only so much strategic capability and so many superweapons as will suffice to "keep it abolished"; development of tactical standing forces to meet local situations of violence or fight limited wars; providing these forces with tactical atomic weapons if, and only if, the problem of keeping them tactical and keeping such wars limited is faced and solved, otherwise the abolition of all tactical nuclear weapons. The critique is shrewd; as a beginning upon the answers this seems a good one.

ALL THREE books shed useful light upon the incredible story of our times; each helps to remove some of the veils in which it has been so foolishly and tragically enwrapped, and to restore to western publics some chance of determining their own destinies in face of these awful vistas rather than simply accepting what a few politicians and administrators may decide is best for them.

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Book Notes

THE INSURGENTS, by Vercors. Translated from the French by Rita Barisse. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.95.*

There are some very angry people in this novel by the author of the wartime *The Silence of the Sea.* A girl is furious because men grow old; a scientist is outraged because they not only grow old but die; a poet is exasperated because he is too old to marry the girl; and as a twist, a Communist is in a rage because the French workers remain in a state of permanent economic infancy.

All this anger against poverty, old age, death, and infancy is perfectly comprehensible, and this novel might have been made into an acceptable nineteenth-century performance in the manner of Emile Zola if Vercors' poet had not taken over so much of the book. He goes off the deep end. By taking long, regular breaths and other Yoga exercises he is enabled to plunge deep into the unfathomed mysteries of his relentless enemy and murderer—his own body. He marches through the arteries, explores the cavernous bladder, takes a command post in the nervous system, and leads his body's corpuscles to a victory of rejuvenation. Upon his return to consciousness he finds, unfortunately, that the sights, sounds, and smells encountered on his exploration are too wonderful to relate. The moral of this science fiction seems to be that uncommunicable knowledge is not worth having—and therefore cannot provide the foundation for a novel.

A BAKER'S DOZEN: THIRTEEN UNUSUAL AMERICANS, by Russel B. Nye. *Michigan State University Press. $5.*

What gets one man a whole chapter in the history books while another, no less richly endowed with the qualities that make for what we call greatness, is dismissed in a footnote at the bottom of the page? More than anything else, as Professor Nye makes clear, it is the luck to be in the right place at the right time with the right idea. Get there too early or even have too many of the right ideas, and you're disqualified. Take C. L. Vallandigham, the Civil War Congressman whose devotion to the Union, to civil liberties, and to moderation in the face of Abolitionist fanaticism compares favorably—when considered out of context—to that of Lincoln himself. Trapped by the rigidity of his own high principles into opposing forces no man could stop and denied even his martyrdom by Lincoln's unparalleled sense of political humor, Vallandigham is remembered now, if at all, as a faintly ridiculous traitor *manqué.*

Professor Nye's charming biographical sketches provide a fascinating obligato to the more familiar themes of our history.

THREEPENNY NOVEL, by Bertolt Brecht. Translated from the German by Desmond I. Vesey; Verses translated by Christopher Isherwood. *Grove Press.* Paper: *$1.75.* Hardbound: *$3.75.*

John Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was produced in London in 1728, but what most people know about it is that a German named Kurt Weill expressed his despair about human nature by putting the "Beggar" story into some bitter jazz that has ended up in American jukeboxes. It is interesting to see how Weill's lyricist, the poet Brecht, handled Hogarthian depravity in a novel.

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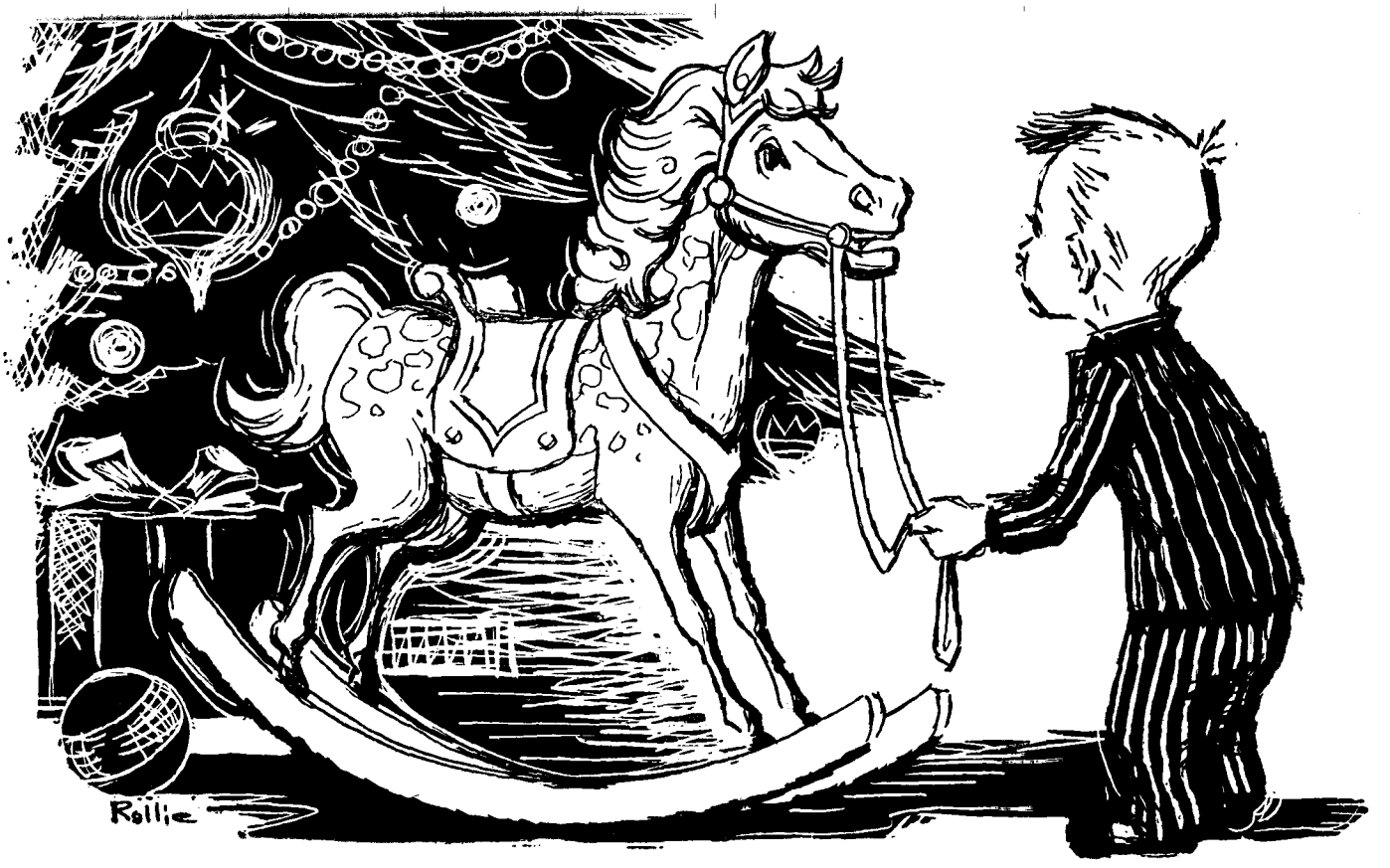

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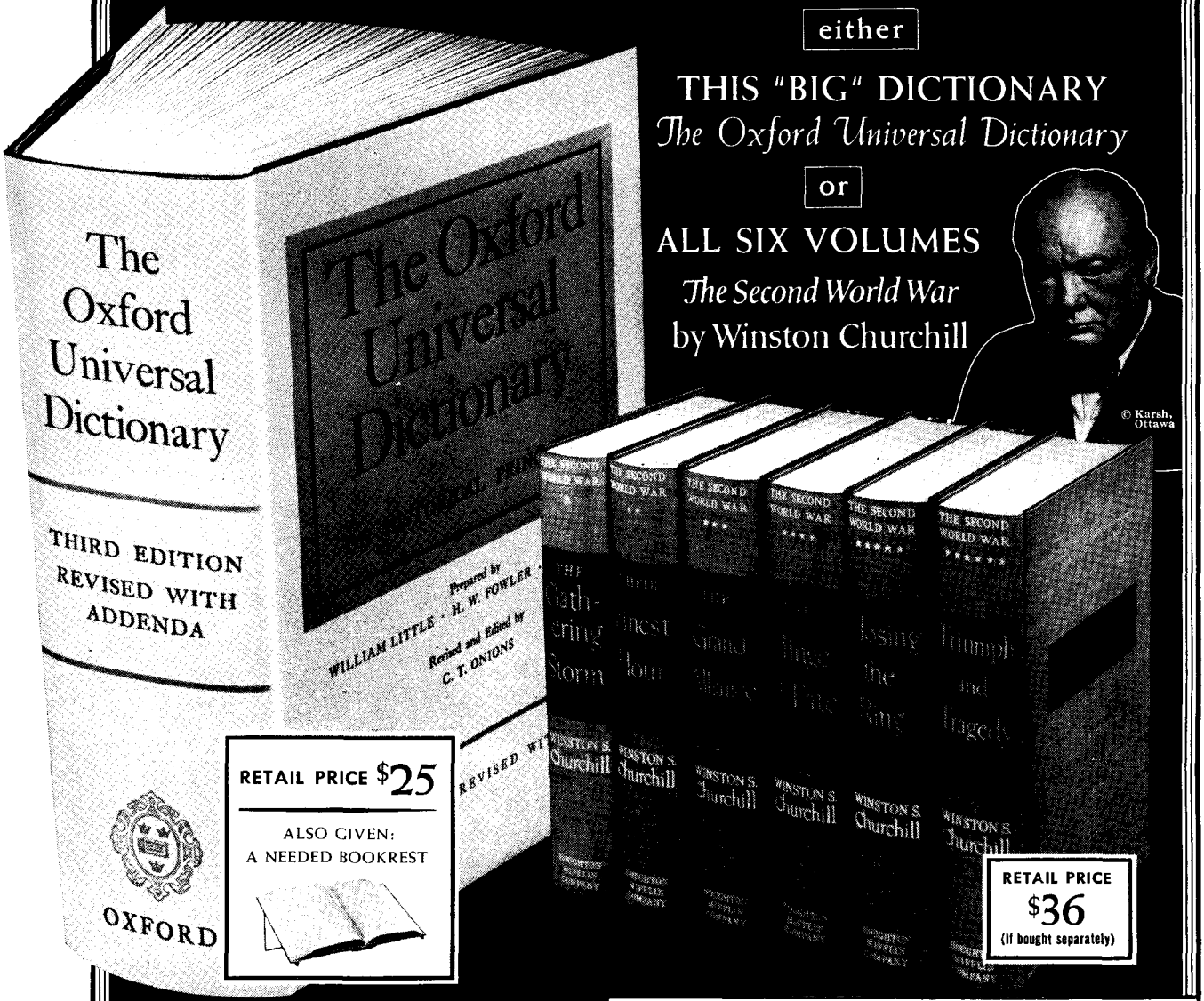
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